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May 1, 1978. 60¢

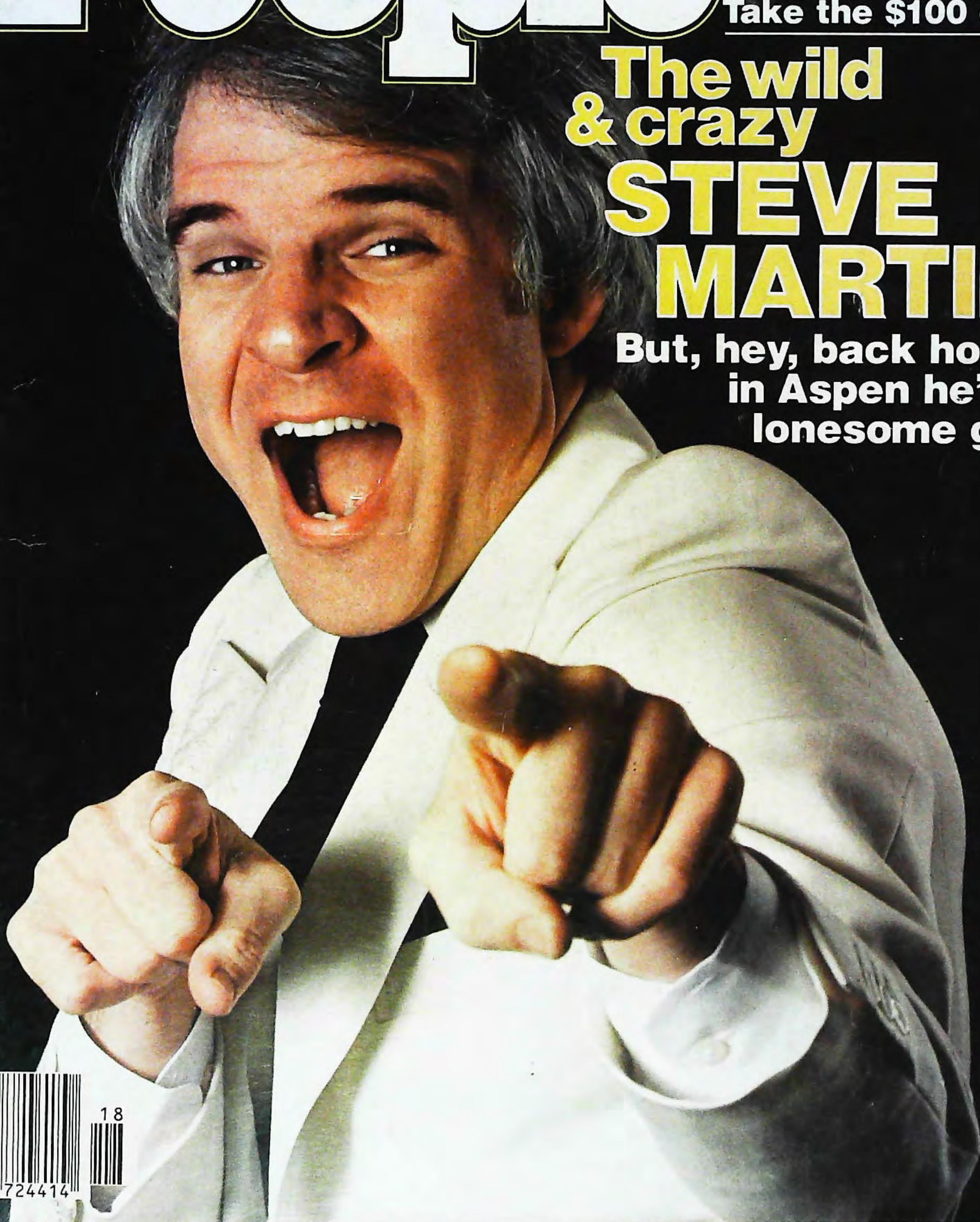
People

weekly

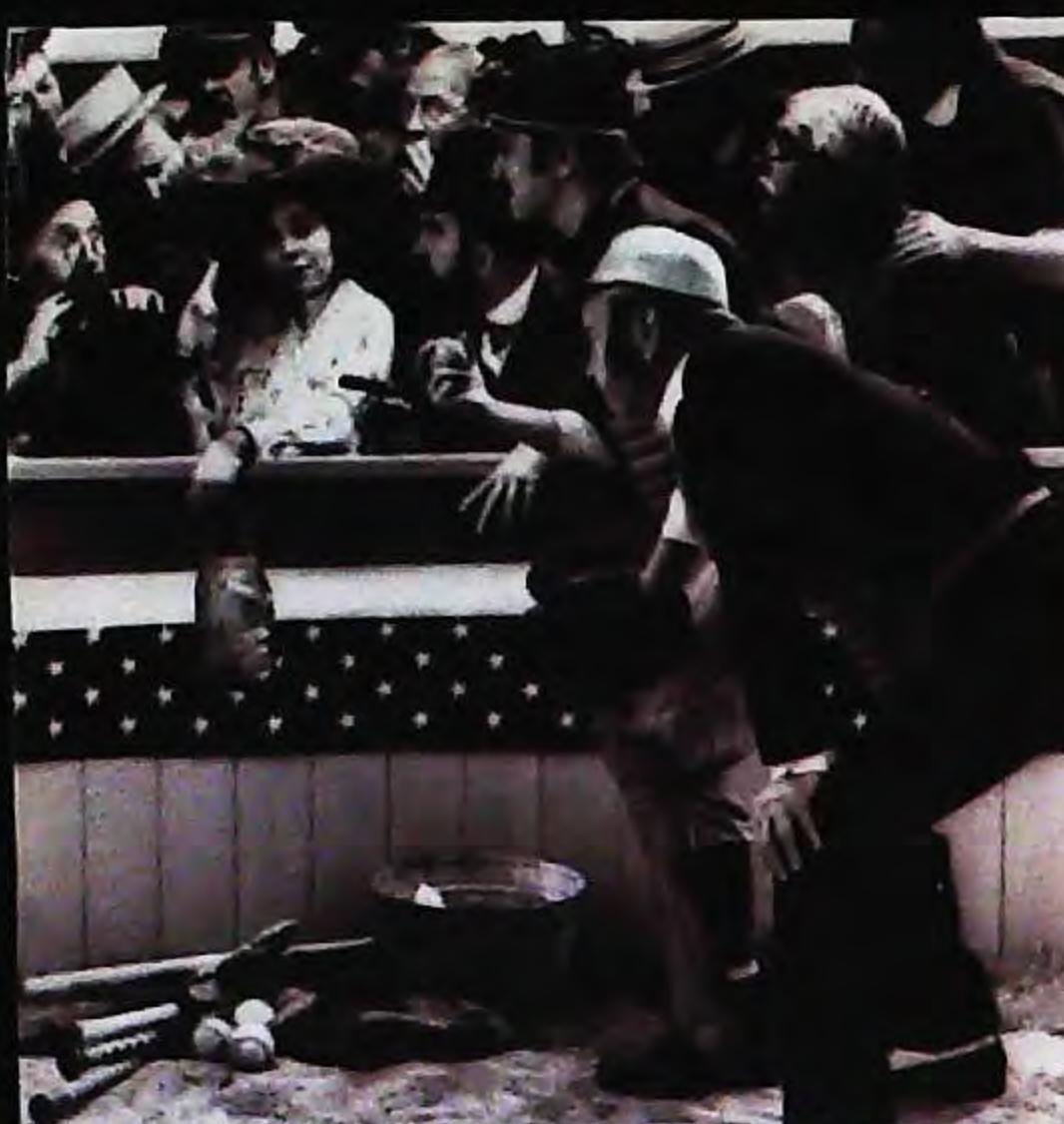
**Mackenzie Phillips:
18 going on 30**
**Mrs. Leon Spinks
fights to 'hang
on to my man'**
**Afraid to fly?
Take the \$100 cure**

The wild & crazy STEVE MARTIN

**But, hey, back home
in Aspen he's a
lonesome guy**



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In 1902, after having the honor of throwing out the first ball of the season, Miss Pamela Haugen lit up a cigarette.



Umpire William Sears then had the honor of throwing out the first woman.



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03-D331

CRIME IS LOCKING UP AMERICA.



Making us more cautious. Less spontaneous. We at Commercial Union are very concerned about the impact crime is having on the quality of life in America.

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So who ends up paying for the false claims . . . the van-

dalized churches. As well as the employee thefts?

We all do. Each year, because of crime, we pay more for insurance premiums, products and services. And we wind up with less personal freedom.

What can we do? We can start to take action.

At Commercial Union, we're taking action against insurance fraud which will help us keep down the cost of your insurance. For example, we file our automobile claims with the National Automobile Theft Bureau. They cross-check these claims to determine if other insurance companies are paying the same ones.

But your help is vital, too. One reason certain crimes are rampant today is because of increasing social indifference. Changing the social attitudes of a nation, however, can begin in your neighborhood. Let people know you don't approve of any form of theft or vandalism. Discuss crime problems with your neighbors. Write your views to state legislators. For more suggestions, write for our free booklet.

Help Unlock America . . . take action against crime.



Commercial Union **CU**
Box 417, Cathedral Station
Boston, Ma. 02118

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People



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Cover photograph by Harry Benson

The 1972, '73, '74, '75, '76 and '77 Country Music Association "Group of the Year."

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MAIL

Cher

Your cover story on Cher Allman was a complete waste of space (PEOPLE, April 10). For the past three years Cher's life has been one crazy event after another. I, for one, happen to find all the so-called "crises" in her life one huge bore. She now claims that the craziness is over, but she's said that 50 times since 1975. So who's going to believe her this time?

Jason McCord
Wheeling, W.Va.

Besides her uncategorizable beauty and her fine voice, Cher has savvy. She reminds me of a cat. No matter how they are tossed, they always land on their feet.

T. Dobbson
St. Ann, Mo.

Putting this as sweetly as possible: Gene Simmons is the ultimate rock-'n-roll superstar. Don't you turn him into no Sonny Bono. Hear, Cher?

Carole and Anne-Marie
Montreal

This is obviously another one of publicity-hungry Simmons' attempts at super-super stardom. I think Ms. Allman should wise up and grow up. Thirty-one is a bit old to be a rock'n'roll groupie.

Stephanie Walker
New York City

How can Cher say she wants to reform TV programs and ads, yet let her 9-

year-old child become a "Kiss freak"? What TV program or commercial could be worse than watching someone vomit and spit blood and generally act like a subnormal person on stage?

Nancy Holtman
St. Louis

Arthur Burns

I think millions of Americans are going to have a hard time getting used to a Federal Reserve Board without the Hon. Arthur F. Burns as chairman. Indeed, it will be like sending a souvenir postcard of the District of Columbia without a picture of the Washington Monument.

Frances Glasier Jackson
Houston

Billy Crystal

Billy Crystal is a terrific actor and personality who deserves more than the kinky roles he's been given. Give the kid a break!

Michelle Valliburton
Red Boiling Springs, Tenn.

Jim Bakker

I'll gladly send my monthly contribution to keep PTL ("Praise the Lord") on my local station. It's good to have an entertaining, spiritually refreshing, Bible-based program in the vast wasteland of sewage now on TV. "Fund-raising fixation?" No one thinks it's wrong for Ed McMahon and Johnny Carson to plead for their viewers to buy Budweiser or Jell-O. Jim Bakker only draws

CONTINUED

People

NEXT WEEK

Sly Stallone: 'Scarred but not mangled'

Rocky left him punch-drunk with success. Now he's brawling again in *F.I.S.T.* and (after a brief fling) back with his wife and baby boy

Mister Rogers' new neighborhood

TV's omnipresent father figure has an adult show—and headaches with his own rebellious son

Betty Ford is not alone

Muriel Nellis, editor of *Drugs, Alcohol and Women*, warns that overuse is epidemic

The Leroux Peppermint.

Before it was in the bottle its flavor was on the vine.



Experience all 52 flavors from Leroux.
All of them natural. Naturally.

Leroux. The Royal Family of International Liqueurs. General Wine & Spirits Co. N.Y.C. 60 Proof.

OMNI'S ARMY.

The new Dodge Omni. People just seem to like it. Because Omni tries so hard to please. With a 99.2-inch wheelbase. A 1.7 litre overhead cam engine. And a likeable base sticker price of only \$3706* including standard features like an AM radio, vinyl body side moldings, and white sidewall tires.

The Omni shown below with a number of stylish additions has a sticker price of just \$3981.*

\$3981: (PRICE OF CAR AS SHOWN)
\$3706: (BASE STICKER PRICE)



**MOTOR TREND
CAR OF THE YEAR**

Even big people like Omni. For example, the four weekend hackers you see here. All four of their golf bags fit in a covered compartment behind the rear seat. If this were a twosome, that rear seat could be

folded down giving 35.8 cubic feet of space. Enough to handle their bags



*Excluding taxes and destination charges

and a couple of carts. Omni's built here in America with American-sized people very much in mind.

Lots of room. That's one advantage of Omni's front-wheel drive. The size of the tunnel you find in the middle of most conventional rear-wheel-drive cars is reduced. So there's more room for legs and stuff.

Then there's ride. It's stable. Comfortable. Because the right kind of



at expressway speeds.

Remarkable, when you consider the EPA estimated mileage ratings achieved by that engine and Omni's standard four-speed manual transmission and a 3.3 transaxle ratio:

**EPA ESTIMATES:
30 MPG HIGHWAY/25 MPG CITY.**

Now, your mileage may vary according to your car's condition, equipment,

and your driving habits. And California mileage is lower. But these are noteworthy ratings for a car that can do all the Omni can do.

Here's a suggestion. Visit your Dodge Dealer. Have him wheel out an

Omni. Take it out on the freeway. Over a

bumpy road. We have a feeling when you're through, you'll be ready to buy, or lease. Omni's like that. It attracts fans.

**DODGE
OMNI.
IT DOES IT ALL.**

attention was paid to things like spring rates and jounce travel. Front-wheel drive with rack-and-pinion steering does its part, too.

Another thing, with four good-sized suburbanites like you see here, Omni's gritty four-cylinder engine can make this car move with plenty of authority. No sweat

MAIL

CONTINUED

\$40,000 combined salary for himself and his wife, you say. Johnny Carson should be so dedicated!

Joel Johnson
Eva, Ala.

Ray Marshall

Ray Marshall's biggest accomplishment since becoming Jimmy Carter's Secretary of Labor is depicted in the photo showing him helping the President off with his coat.

William D. Nueske
Honolulu

Little Feat

Little Feat is the tightest, most talented group of musicians I've ever heard.

Kathy Simmons
Washington, D.C.

Your overdue article on Little Feat would have been all the nicer if you had mentioned the other members of Lowell George's sextet: Paul Barrere, guitar and vocals; Sam Clayton, congas; and Kenny Gradney, bass.

Paul A. Prior
Saddle River, N.J.

Joyce DeWitt

Joyce DeWitt is totally wrong. America does care about Joyce DeWitt, the person. My husband and I watch *Three's Company* every week because of her. She outacts, outlooks and outclasses Suzanne Somers in every way.

Mary Jane Day
Delhi, La.

Lois Gould

All Lois Gould's classmates are wondering how she can be 40 when they are 47 and 48. We know she was never good in math, but how did she ever lose seven years? It seems particularly odd that a feminist would lie like a movie star. She should be thrown out of the movement.

Wellesley '52
New York City

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors, but we regret that because of the volume of mail received, we cannot acknowledge them. Letters for publication should be addressed to PEOPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Isadora and Her Avocado Plant.



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The new Fuji 12-speed pictured here is a perfect example. The two extra speeds will take cycling even further, and get it there faster. You'll feel how well that's been accomplished when you ride it. You'll feel it in its design, construction, and performance. And you'll feel it in every Fuji you ride. For Fuji quality is always the same. Superb. You can get the Fuji Feeling anywhere finer bicycles are sold. You'll also feel good when you see how reasonably priced they are.



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Doobie Brothers IT KEEPS YOU RUNNIN'

Eagles LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Dan Fogelberg THERE'S A PLACE IN THE

WORLD FOR A GAMBLER

Foreigner COLD AS ICE

Billy Joel JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

Randy Meisner BAD MAN

Steve Miller FLY LIKE AN EAGLE

Tom Petty BREAKDOWN
& THE HEARTBREAKERS

Queen WE WILL ROCK YOU

Linda Ronstadt TUMBLING DICE

POOR POOR PITIFUL ME

LIDO SHUFFLE

NIGHT MOVES

FM

DO IT AGAIN

James Taylor YOUR SMILING FACE

JOE WALSH LIFE'S BEEN GOOD

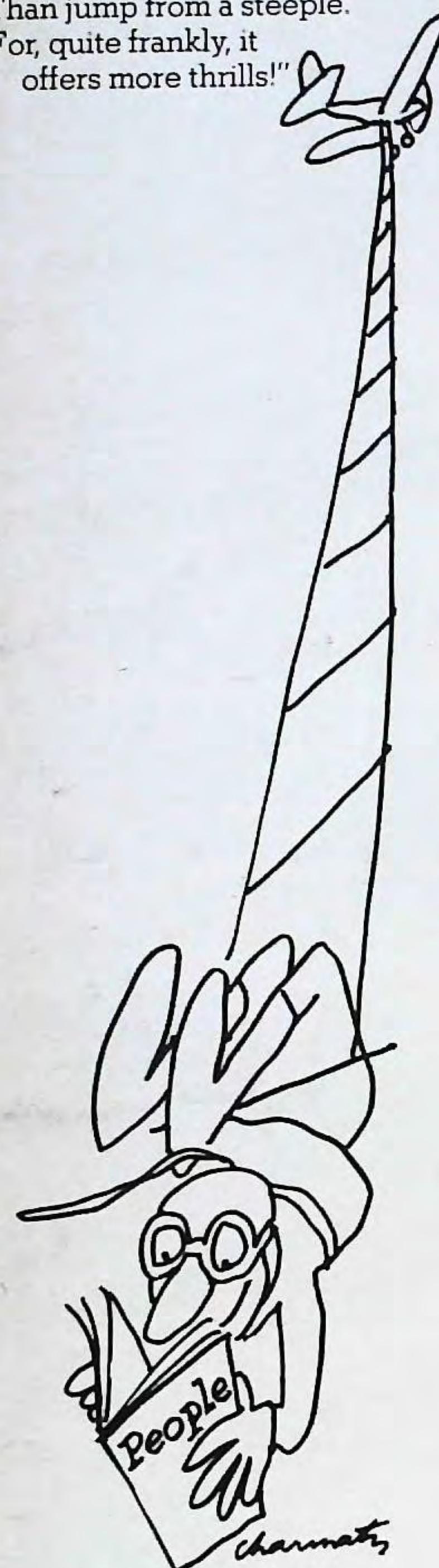
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several spills,
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For, quite frankly, it
offers more thrills!"



People

weekly
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People PICKS & PANS

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings.



Tube

Commercials starlet Susan Anton and singer Mel Tillis team in a tryout country-slicker variety show.

In this four-week "limited series," a schizophrenic teenager (Terri Nunn) runs away to San Francisco to become a prostitute. That gives nosy psychologist Robert Reed a chance to discover there's no such thing as a bad girl—only an exploitable social problem.

THE NATALIE COLE SPECIAL CBS (10 p.m. ET)

The King's gifted daughter, Natalie, hosts Johnny Mathis, Stephen Bishop and Earth, Wind and Fire

□ FRIDAY, APRIL 28 DOROTHY HAMILL PRESENTS WINNERS ABC (8 p.m. ET)

Dodo joins flatfoot Hal Linden and fleetfoot Bruce Jenner for precision skating and frozen corn. What was perhaps the liveliest vignette was cut—while filming a "flying" scene, Hamill and Jenner were accidentally jerked into the air upside down.

□ SATURDAY, APRIL 29 THE LEGENDS OF GOLF NBC (5 p.m. ET)

Jack and Arnie who? Twenty-four elder living legends of the links—gents like Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead and Dr. Cary Middlecoff—compete in a two-day, \$400,000 tourney for pros past 50. (Sunday coverage starts at 2:30.) Old they are; duffers they ain't.

MEL & SUSAN TOGETHER ABC (8 p.m. ET)

Muriel Cigars' TV pitchwoman Susan Anton teams up with Nashville singer-composer Mel (Ruby, *Don't Take Your Love to Town*) Tillis in a new half-hour variety show. Guests in this second of a four-week trial series are *Soap* stars Diana Canova and Robert Guillaume.

□ MONDAY, MAY 1 CALYPSO'S SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS PBS (check local listings)

Jacques Cousteau and his faithful supership *Calypso* join the search for the civilization Plato wrote about in 355 B.C. Cousteau needs two consecutive nights to detail what he found, but don't expect to book into the Atlantis Hilton quite yet.

□ TUESDAY, MAY 2 HOME TO STAY CBS (9:30 p.m. ET)

Henry Fonda, 72, offers a poignant performance as an aging farmer whose son wants him committed to a nursing home.

□ THURSDAY, APRIL 27
OPERATION RUNAWAY
NBC (9 p.m. ET)



Catherine Deneuve for Chanel



CHANEL N°5

Presenting the GE toaster that broils and bakes.



Versatility is what makes the GE Toast 'N Broil Toast-R-Oven® toaster so great.

It's a great broiler.

This GE toaster has a separate broil setting that lets you broil steaks, hamburgers and hot dogs. You can position the broil pan high or low to suit your needs. Its high walls help protect the interior from spatters... and the pan pops right into the dishwasher for easy cleaning.

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GE gives you broil and non-broil models.

It's an automatic toaster.
This toaster replaces old-fashioned vertical toasters. It toasts up to 4 slices of regular bread, both sides at once, then shuts off and rings a bell, automatically. It lets you top-brown or toast odd-size breads and rolls, corn-muffins or English muffins.

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Or maybe you don't see it that way.

Not that you've got anything against handsome princes. It's just that they're not very reliable.

That's why it's nice to know you've got some control over your future. Like being financially prepared for whatever lies ahead.

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Join the Payroll Savings Plan.

And one of the easiest ways to build future funds is with U.S. Savings Bonds. Buy them through your bank.

Or join the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

Bonds are steady, solid, dependable. Just the kind of security a girl needs.

Then if your handsome prince does come along, so much the better.

You can always buy him a castle.

People PICKS & PANS

Pages



New York's Mayor Koch? No, the demon Abraxas from *The Complete Book of Spells*.

□ **THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SPELLS, CEREMONIES AND MAGIC**
by Migene González-Wippler

This is the sort of book that characters in chiller flicks like *Horror Hotel* pick up just before they start drawing chalk pentacles on the floor and chanting in bad Latin. The author, a Puerto Rican woman with degrees in anthropology and psychology, has compiled a smidgen of history and a lot of miscellaneous advice—for example, how to improve one's sex life with yoga, read palms, perform a self-blessing (it requires only water, wine, salt and a candle but "should not be done promiscuously") or craft a witches' wand. For the more adventurous, there are chants to invoke the power of Satan. (Crown, \$12.95)

□ **FOUR ARGUMENTS FOR THE ELIMINATION OF TELEVISION**
by Jerry Mander

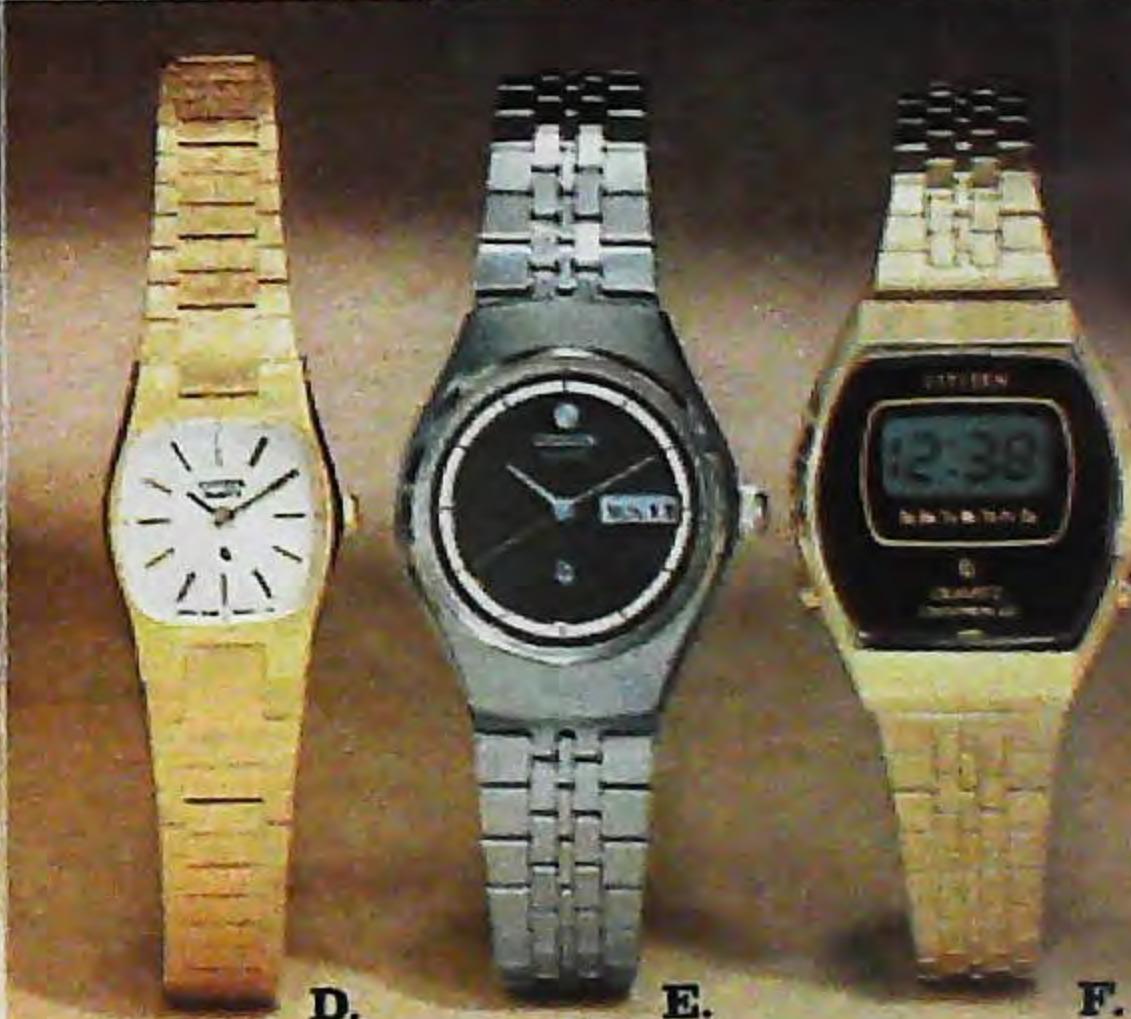
They aren't ABC, CBS, NBC and the rest of the video-industrial complex, as might be suspected. But whatever the merits of his case, Mander has presented it with remarkable clumsiness. The book is self-righteous and marred by reliance on such fringe sources as "Anne Kent Rush, the author of *Moon Moon* and a professional polarity therapist." It is also rendered suspect by his refusal to admit that anything worthwhile has ever been shown on TV. Still, there are some troubling insights in his four arguments—that television (1) blocks viewers from real experience, (2) caters to big business monopolies, (3) has physically debilitating effects and (4) creates socially destructive images of reality. And while the book may not lead to a wave of ax murders on portables and consoles, it could render a service if a viewer is occasionally inspired to wonder, "Why am I watching this program?" (Morrow, \$11.95)

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People PICKS & PANS

□ THE TANGENT FACTOR by Lawrence Sanders

The ingredients for a novel of arresting intrigue are all here: glamorous settings in Paris, London and Africa, international espionage, gory assassinations, beautiful women, greedy, cynical men. But Sanders' story of an African dictator's attempt to use an American oil company to enrich his Swiss bank account quickly becomes endlessly repetitive. Plotting sessions are followed by action scenes of bloodcurdling violence and then consistently ludicrous sexual couplings between whatever twosome survives. Sanders (*The Anderson Tapes*) is also a virtuoso of clanking dialogue. At least he makes one appreciate Ian Fleming's wit and pace and Frederick Forsyth's sense of drama. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$9.95)

□ NINE AND A HALF WEEKS by Elizabeth McNeill

The title refers to the longevity of a purportedly real-life sadomasochistic affair between a young New York woman executive and her kinky suitor. It has thus caused some stir, since it seems to break one of the few taboos left for mainline publishers. Yet the plain-brown-wrapper crowd is likely to find the book inadequately explicit, and everyone else will find it inadequately interesting. “Ms. McNeill” threatens to ruin the fine, foul name of perversion. (Dutton, \$7.95)

□ BURNING QUESTIONS by Alix Kates Shulman

Shulman, author of *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*, has couched her second novel as the autobiography of a woman from Indiana named Zane. She moves to New York at 18, expecting to find sexual freedom, Marxism and coffeehouse philosophers. She does—and more. The long opening chapter—Zane's youth—is full of touching family scenes and masterfully thrown-away details (e.g., the teacher who gives as a souvenir, spoon by spoon, sand from the South Seas brought back by a World War II soldier friend). The remaining 316 pages pall at times. But Shulman's wit and the self-mocking admiration she has for the activist Zane lend grace and strength to her musings on the difficulty of reconciling the roles of daughter, friend, wife, lover, achiever and woman. (Knopf, \$8.95)

Screen

□ STRAIGHT TIME

Dustin Hoffman's down and out again, this time as an ex-con who bungles his attempt to go straight. There's a careening car stunt on an L.A. freeway, a glass-shattering jewelry store heist and a bunch of bare-bottomed men in the jailhouse shower, but all to little purpose. Hoffman's intensity and the loveliness of Theresa Russell as his naive girlfriend aside, they are a distinctly unsympathetic pair. With few laughs and only a weak pass at the psychology of the recidivist, *Straight Time*, based on Edward Bunker's novel *No Beast So Fierce*, is

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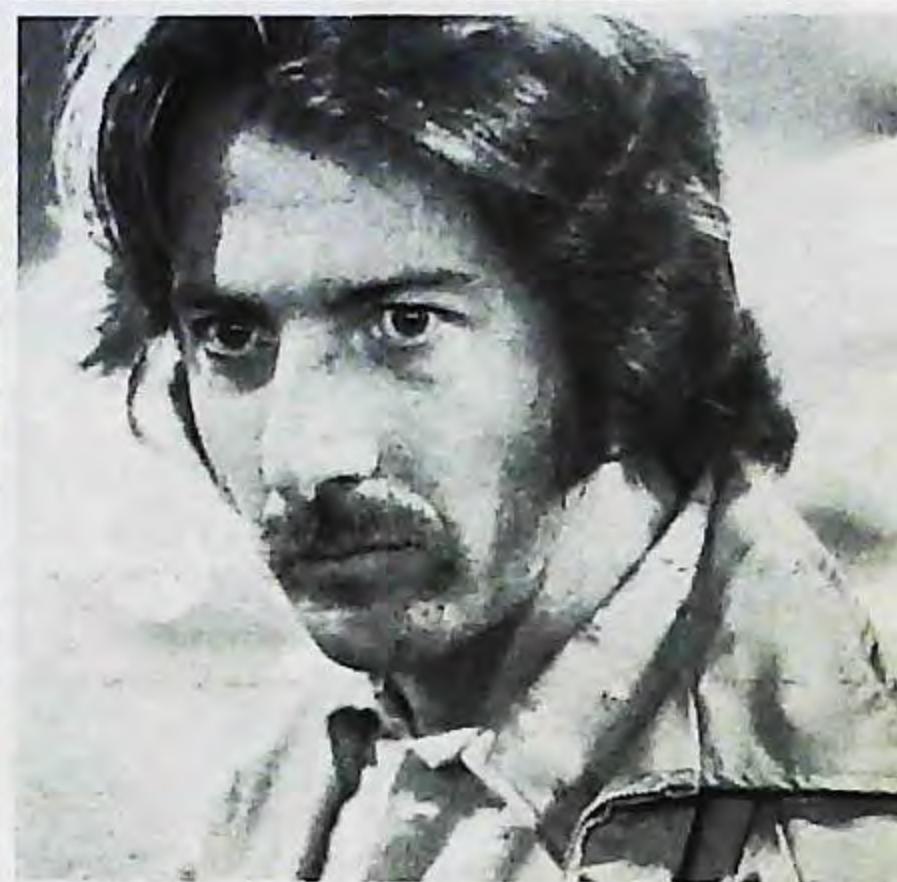
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People PICKS & PANS



Dustin Hoffman plays a hopeless Ratso Rizzo-like crime addict in *Straight Time*.

unrelievedly grim. Woody Allen treated the same subject better—and, needless to say, funnier—in *Take the Money and Run*. (R)

PRETTY BABY

Twelve years ago the 11-month-old Brooke Shields was the pretty Ivory Snow baby; now (just as Ivory Snow lady Marilyn Chambers became 99 4/100 percent X-rated) Brooke may find herself the center of a child-porn controversy. In this film by Louis (Lacombe, *Lucien*) Malle, Brooke grows up the daughter of a whore (Susan Sarandon) in the Storyville red-light district of New Orleans, circa 1917. But Brooke isn't all *that* grown up by the time she, too, is turning tricks, and it's troubling, particularly because of a full frontal nude scene. Keith Carradine plays E. J. Bellocq, a real-life photographer of the era who survives through his sensitive portraits taken inside bordellos. The handsome re-created portraiture provides some redeeming value in Malle's first U.S. work. (R)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS

Brazil's all-time top-grossing film (it even outdrew *Jaws*) is an erotic delight. Directed by 23-year-old Bruno Barreto, and shot in Bahia, Brazil's answer to San Francisco, it tells the story of a young woman who can't seem to forget her dead husband. Never mind that he was a drunk, a philanderer and a compulsive gambler—he was also a terrific lover, something her second spouse clearly is not. Sonia Braga is bewitchingly beautiful as the young widow, and Jose Wilker sparkles as the roguish husband who returns to haunt her dreams. Lots of laughs, with some very steamy love scenes that confirm they do more in Brazil than drink coffee and attack soccer referees. (In Portuguese with subtitles; no rating)

Song

CHAMPAGNE JAM Atlanta Rhythm Section

With the end of the Allmans and the Lynyrd Skynyrd plane crash last fall, ARS is left as one of the few first-rank Southern boogie bands. At its

best their brand of rock is superb—simple, taut guitar-dominated instrumental structures and neat harmonies, with the casual bluesy vocals of Ronnie Hammond. It was an uncharacteristically mellow *So In to You*, however, that brought ARS to the Top Ten, not their rockers, and half this album seems devoted to re-creating the innocuous commercial jauntiness of that hit. But on cuts like *Large Time* and the title track, they sure can still be lean and mean.

I'VE CRIED THE BLUE RIGHT OUT OF MY EYES Crystal Gayle

In one of the more fortuitous discoveries of showbiz history, MCA Records remembered that before she left to go to United Artists and cut her hit *Don't*



Which came first: the blue in Crystal Gayle's brown eyes or her crying it out?

It Make My Brown Eyes Blue, Gayle had recorded the title tune of this album. So MCA built an LP around it and has, in effect, a sequel that was produced before the original. The result is pleasant—Gayle was more countrified then, singing plaintive, lilting down-home songs with nondescript Nashville arrangements. She possibly sounds more like sister Loretta Lynn (who wrote three of these selections) than she'd like, but the album is refreshingly uncluttered and not the disappointment that many after-the-hit efforts turn out to be.

CATS UNDER THE STARS Jerry Garcia Band

Most of the material on this LP is dead and nobody is likely to be grateful. There are virtually no flashes of the looseness and fluidity Garcia showed with the GD. His singing is, as ever, appealing in a quavering sort of way, but in nearly all the songs the tempo is lethargic, the tone rambling. Only the slowly pulsing *Gomorrah* and the uptempo rocker, *Rhapsody in Red* and *Cats Under the Stars*, contain evidence of Garcia's stinging single-note signature runs. Bring back the Dead.

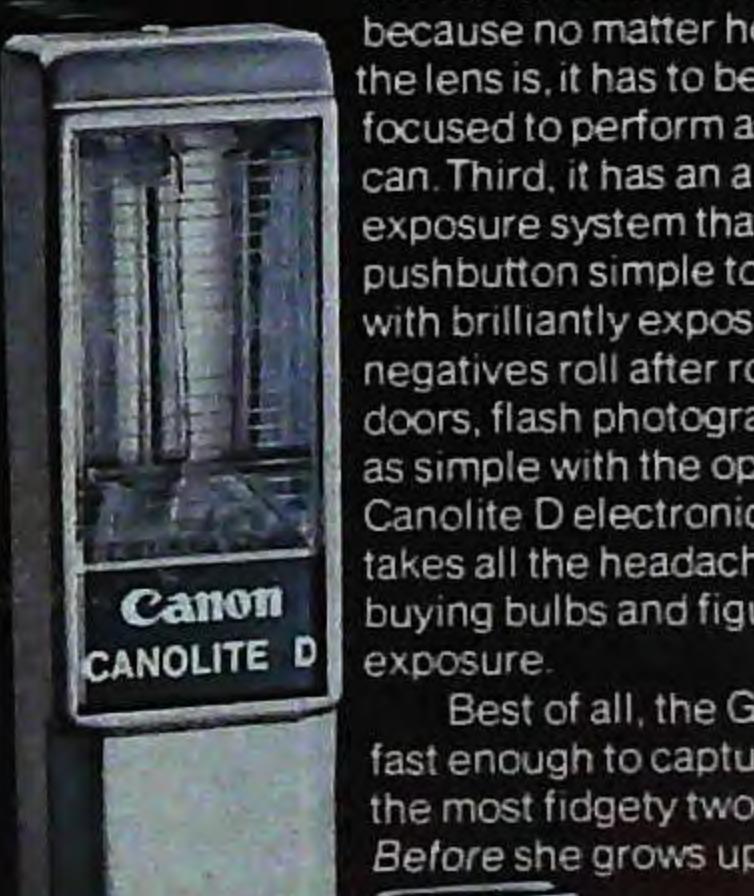


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People
PICKS & PANS

□ THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS
Jay McShann
These tracks are played in the style of the '30s and '40s but, fortunately, there is no music less perishable than the blues. So pianist-singer McShann and a veteran group including trumpeter Joe Newman, sax men Buddy Tate and Paul Quintette and bassist Milt Hinton can still offer the freewheeling Kansas City jazz and not sound outdated. With the exception of a couple of seeming lapses of interest by the rhythm section, this is a model of K.C. style, with an especially satisfying version of *Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do*.

Etc.



New York Scene and its companion games threaten an Atlantic City monopoly.

□ CITY SCENE GAMES
About the only people who aren't likely to think these games are a stroke of genius are the folks at Parker Bros. Inc. It was clearly their *Monopoly* that inspired the Groovy Games company to spin off this otherwise innovative line of board games that use local streets and institutions in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Honolulu, Houston, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco and Washington instead of those from Atlantic City. The rules are the same for each city—players advance by dice roll to properties they then try to buy—but each edition is unique. Thus the random events cards include "Northwestern Beats Notre Dame in Football—You Suffer Heart Attack and Lose 1 Turn" (Chicago Scene), "You enjoyed an evening in the West Village until your favorite gal turned out to be a guy—lose next turn due to shock" (New York Scene) and "You want to buy his and her submarines—advance to Neiman-Marcus" (Houston Scene). The games can take an hour or a day, depending on the greed and stubbornness of the participants. Each game has a centerpiece drawing of its city, and they are all ugly. That is the major shortcoming. The games are available in department stores at about \$12 apiece, making them as good a bargain as, say, Baltic Avenue.

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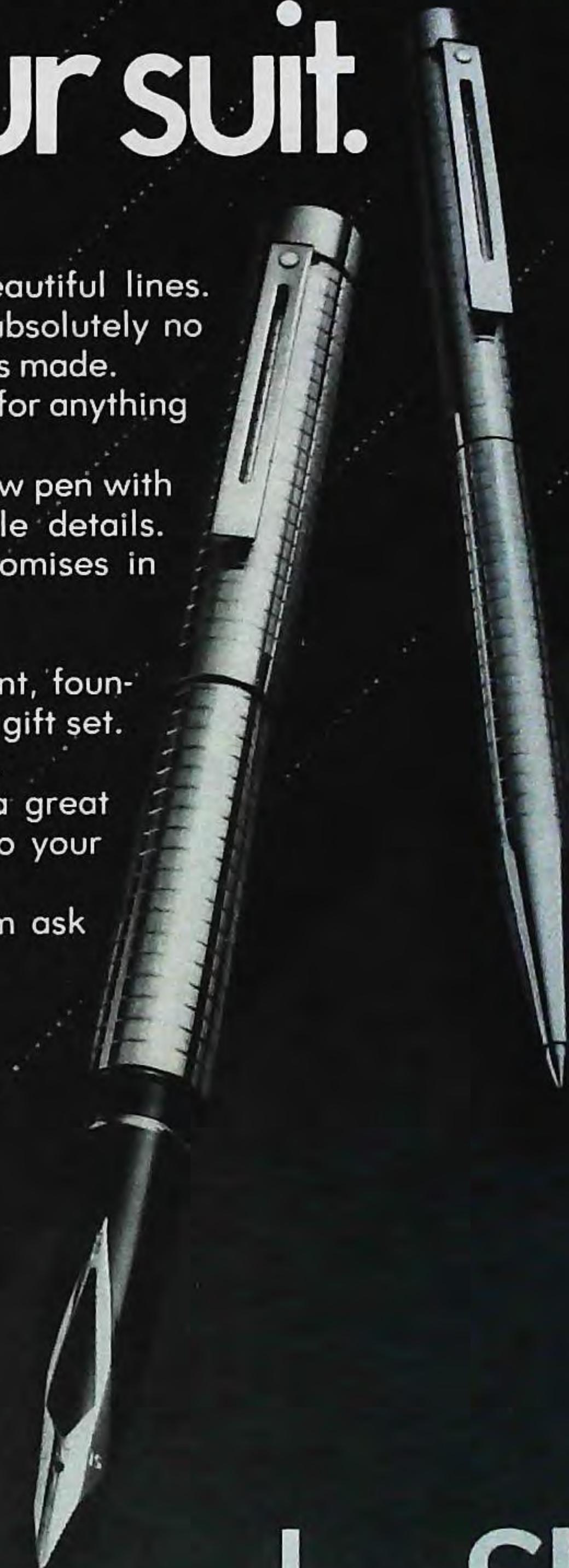
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HIS WIFE CALLS LEON SPINKS A 'MAN-CHILD,' BUT THE TITLE HAS BEEN NO PROMISED LAND

Nova Spinks was alone in a Miami motel room. She was angry. Since her husband Leon won the heavyweight boxing title from Muhammad Ali in February, she has spent a lot of time alone in motel rooms and a lot of time angry. "From the moment Leon won the championship," she said, "it's been hell."

Nova, 27, and Leon, 24, have had few moments alone together in the last 10 weeks—even when she has known what city he was in. Meanwhile, she sees newspaper pictures of Leon disco-ing with glamorous young women. Yet she professes not to be upset with him. Her bitterness is aimed at the swarm of agents, managers and hangers-on who have surrounded the new champion, ostensibly for his own protection.

"You want to know how it's been for Leon these past two and a half months?" Nova asks. "Have you ever seen two or three dogs pulling on a rag? Well, Leon's the rag. He's been pulled by promoters, would-be managers and all kinds of different people. I'm pulling too, because I want to hang on to my man. I'd love him whether he was world champ or a bricklayer," she adds with conviction. "I loved the man when he didn't love himself."

Since he became a champ, Leon Spinks has had his own problems. In addition to the jockeying for position by his friends and would-be friends, he has lost his title in the World Boxing Council rankings for failing to defend against Ken Norton. (The WBC felt Norton deserved first crack, but Spinks instead has signed for an estimated \$12 million return match with Ali in September.) Leon has received an eviction notice from his Philadelphia landlord for alleged nonpayment of rent. (Nova's explanation: "In that building, no one pays rent.") He has been arrested and carted off to the clink, handcuffed, in St. Louis for a traffic violation.

His wife insists she has been shut out of his life by design. "The guys from Top Rank [the sports promotion outfit that has been guiding Leon's career] want to get rid of me because I won't let nobody screw up Leon's head," Nova says. "If I'm out of the picture, then they



"Everybody's tryin' to get what I got," groused Nova, "but I'm Mrs. Spinks. I've got the papers to prove it."



Nova Spinks bounded into the ring to embrace husband Leon after he took the title from Ali in February (above). Since then she has spent much time in motel rooms, alone and angry.

have him. He's such an easygoin' man, and he trusts where he shouldn't," she continues. "I didn't go to college but God blessed me with enough common sense. He don't need 25 people who can't contribute but hang around holding their hands out. I said 'bullshit' when they were tryin' to jive him."

Nova keeps watch on Leon's finances—"We have a checking account," she says, "but that last purse was chopped up so bad it's not even funny." Her other problem, she feels, is

CONTINUED

UP FRONT





Top Rank VP Butch Lewis, above center, and PR man Chet Cummings have been riding herd on Leon since he became champ. But most of Spinks' recent roadwork has been on disco floors.



that she does not fit the new style Leon's image makers have cut out for him. One of them has been known to discourage photographers by saying, "You don't want to take her picture —she weighs 220 pounds," and Mrs. Spinks seems aware of how she is regarded.

"I don't usually let myself be photographed because I'm self-conscious," she says. "I don't feel I'm attractive. I'm six feet tall and I'm overweight." She has also bleached her puffy Afro blond and says, "One of the promotion people at Top Rank told me I look whorish and warned me that white people don't take to black people with blond hair. They all make me think negatively about myself. Leon loves my hair; I tried to dye it back once, and he wouldn't let me."

Nova (who changed her name from "Noble" three years ago—"it represents not the car but a new star; it's a new beginning") was a 23-year-

old unwed mother when she and Leon, then a marine, struck up a pen-pal correspondence in 1974. Five months after their first face-to-face meeting, they were married in Des Moines, Iowa, where she grew up in a middle-class black neighborhood. The wedding was at her mother's house. As Nova recalls it, "Leon was shakin' like a leaf. The preacher said, 'What do you have to give this woman?' and Leon after about five minutes said so seriously, 'My life.' I hit him in the side and said, 'The ring, Lee, the ring!'"

The Spinks family "haven't liked me from the start," Nova is convinced. "The mother, she made it quite clear. I think it's because I wear makeup and carry it in my purse." One month after the wedding Nova and her son, Charles, then 6, moved in with Leon at Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Their marriage has had its "ups and downs" since then, Nova concedes. But she encouraged him as he trained

for the 1976 Olympics and then parlayed his gold medal into a pro career. "I said to him, 'You can be anything you want to be,'" she recalls. "I had to hammer it into his head." Then the victory in Vegas added new strains.

"When too many people start coming down on Lee, he can't handle it, so he just leaves," she says. "That's the way he deals with it." Spinks, in fact, has disappeared for days at a time, jet-hopping to business meetings in Detroit, boxing matches at Lejeune and discos in Manhattan. "I know he loves to dance, and he's certainly not going to dance alone," Nova says philosophically. "He can do anything he wants as long as when he puts his head on the pillow, mine's next to it."

It did make her angry, though, when a wire service distributed a photograph of Leon in a Las Vegas jewelry shop with a woman identified as "his wife." "When I saw that picture, I was furious," Nova says. "I know who that woman is. If I ever see her face to face, I'll smash her."

She was also frustrated when she went twice with Leon to St. Louis, his hometown, only to be left alone in a hotel. In one bizarre incident, Leon's bodyguard came back to the hotel to bring Nova to a public housing complex where Leon, standing next to a silver Chrysler New Yorker with red felt interior and wire wheels, was signing autographs for children. Before she could get out of her car to join him, Leon left.



Nova's son, Charles, 9, above, is living with his grandma in Des Moines but hasn't forgotten his famous stepfather. Nor has Nova, idling with trainer Sam Solomon while waiting for the champ in Miami.

Nova has kept in pursuit of her husband, living out of a suitcase on the road and sometimes dragging Leon's luggage too. Her son, Charles, who suffers from dyslexia, is living with her mother for the time being, and he will soon enroll in a special third-grade class in Des Moines. ("He likes Des Moines fine," says his grandmother Mrs. Carrie Busch. "But he can't understand why he can't be with his mother.") Despite the separations, however, Nova remains the most loyal booster of the man who calls her "Mama." "Leon just doesn't want to feel like he's in prison—he's just a man-child," she maintains. "The press sometimes makes out like he's stupid.

TOM WILLIAMSON



Anybody without front teeth is gonna sound funny. He talks strange, but Leon's got a lot of sense."

Ten days ago Nova traveled to Miami where Leon was to begin training for a 45-day tour of the Caribbean where he will fight four-round exhibition matches. They spent one day together in Florida before Leon took off for St. Louis on business by himself. As she waited alone for him to return, Nova refused to be discouraged. The Miami junket, she noted, was "the first time he has taken me on a trip with him. It's like his eyes are opening finally, and I'm gonna fight like hell to keep them open."

KRISTIN MC MURRAN, JIM FORBES and CYNTHIA MITCHELL

For the soft-spoken Georgian grinning into the White House mike, it was a welcome evening of nostalgia. "This reminds me of my home, my roots and the people I care for," he said. "It's always nice to see something come from the South that's a hit." Indeed. While the President has been struggling recently in the popularity charts, some of his guests—Loretta Lynn, Conway Twitty, Tom T. Hall, Barbara Mandrell—have been hits since back when the most famous Carter matriarch was not Miz Lillian but Johnny Cash's ma-in-law, Mother Maybelle.

So during a Country Music Association conference in Washington last week, the First Fans of C&W invited up some 220 of the gang. The mood was festively down-home with hugs and kisses for all country cousins, though by Nashville standards the black-tie duds were funereally flashless (except for Twitty's rig, which was powder blue). Singer James Tally confessed to Carter that his rent-a-tux set him back 35 bucks and was the first he'd had on since his senior prom back in 1961.

Country queen Loretta Lynn, who was making her Executive Mansion debut after campaigning for Carter in T-shirts with his face across the front, declared: "People used to say they never saw Jimmy's eyes so big." Exclaimed her husband, Mooney, an ex-moonshiner now her manager: "I built her up from beer joints. I never thought we'd end up in the White House." Tom T. Hall sang *It's All in the Game* and contributed an unexpected historical footnote: "I bet y'all didn't know this song was Vice-President Dawes', who served under Coolidge." Loretta pitched in with the President's favorite song *How Great Thou Art*, then launched into her oldie *One's on the Way*, pointing out that her recently added heft—35 pounds worth—had



Loretta Lynn finds out Billy Beer bellies aren't hereditary. Said husband Mooney, right: "She's so excited she would've come if it killed her."

nothing to do with the lyrics.

For Carter, the evening was an opportunity to thank all those performers who helped him raise cash when Jimmy Who was scratching for votes. Of Charlie Daniels, he said: "When my campaign was broke, he gave a benefit concert—I might not be President today without his help." Carter, unlike Richard Nixon's '74 Nashville appearance, didn't twirl a yo-yo, but his emceeing talents were admired. "This isn't my regular line of work," he observed with his hee-haw grin, "but some people might think I do this better." Daniels, for one, wasn't complaining. "I feel," he exulted, "just like the first time I sang at Grand Ole Opry."

GARRY CLIFFORD



JIMMY SAYS Y'ALL COME, SO LORETTA, CONWAY AND TOM T. STAGE A WHITE HOUSE HEE HAW



Conway Twitty twanged a few tunes before he and Loretta closed with *God Bless America Again. Dixie* was sung later.



A fan of his fans, the President applauds the Morrises, Teri and Gary. They performed for him 70 times when he needed them—right from the first barnstorming.

"James Tally is one of my best friends and is Rosalynn's favorite singer," said the President. Tally's ballad for her was *How Can a Rich Man Sing the Blues?*

Carter delighted guests (including Larry and Janis Gatlin in front row, left) by proclaiming: "Country's become a national treasure."



"It is so long now," says Dr. Voikhanskaya of her three-year separation from Misha. **"For me it's a tragedy. For him it is worse."**

Marina joins friends in a study break at New Jersey's St. Barnabas Hospital. She hopes to resume practice in June.

Photographs by Raeanne Rubenstein



PETER MARLOW/SYGMA

FROM LONELY EXILE, SOVIET DISSIDENT MARINA VOIKHANSKAYA BEGS, 'PLEASE GIVE ME MY SON'

Three years ago Dr. Marina Voikhanskaya, 43, a handsome, dark-haired psychiatrist, left her home in the Soviet Union forever. Her spiritual exile had begun two years before, when she visited a dissident artist, Yury Ivanov, a patient in the Leningrad hospital where she worked. "After looking through his case history and talking to him," she recalls, "I realized that a perfectly sane man was being confined with psychotic patients and no one cared. I wanted to run out into the street and scream, 'People, where are you?'"

Soon thereafter, the Soviet KGB asked Dr. Voikhanskaya to pronounce another patient, the poet Anatoly Pohnaryev, insane. She refused. "You can't imagine how scared I was when I wrote my opinion," she says. "I cried for two hours before I signed because I knew my life would go to pieces." Harassed by the KGB, transferred to the geriatric ward and threatened with dismissal, the doctor applied for a visa to emigrate. She flew to Vienna, then on to London, where she expected her 9-year-old son, Misha, to join her. Her ex-husband, a military engineer, had promised he would send the boy to her, says Marina, and, perhaps naively, she believed him.

Once Dr. Voikhanskaya was out of the country, however, the Soviets began turning the screws. Misha's father—under pressure from the KGB, she maintains—refused him permission to leave for the West. Marina, who is Jewish, believes the action was taken in retaliation for her outspoken denunciation of Soviet human rights violations. Last summer, at a stormy meeting of the World Psychiatric Association in Honolulu, she characterized the hospitalization of dissidents as "a crime that has nothing to do with psychiatry"—a charge the Soviet press labeled "slanderous."

Since then Dr. Voikhanskaya, who acknowledges that the price of Misha's freedom may be her own silence, has stubbornly refused to back down. No halfway recantation, she knows.

Sitting on his grandmother's lap, 12-year-old Misha holds a picture of his mother. "Don't get upset," he writes her. "Keep your courage, and we will keep ours."

will suffice. "With the Soviet government," she explains, "if you say A, you must also say Z. You can't stop in the middle. Otherwise, you'll be considered weak and stupid." Her dilemma is agonizing. "Maybe I sound fanatical," she says, almost apologetically, "but my patients are my children too. How can I look into Misha's eyes if I'm not honest? Even he says I was right."

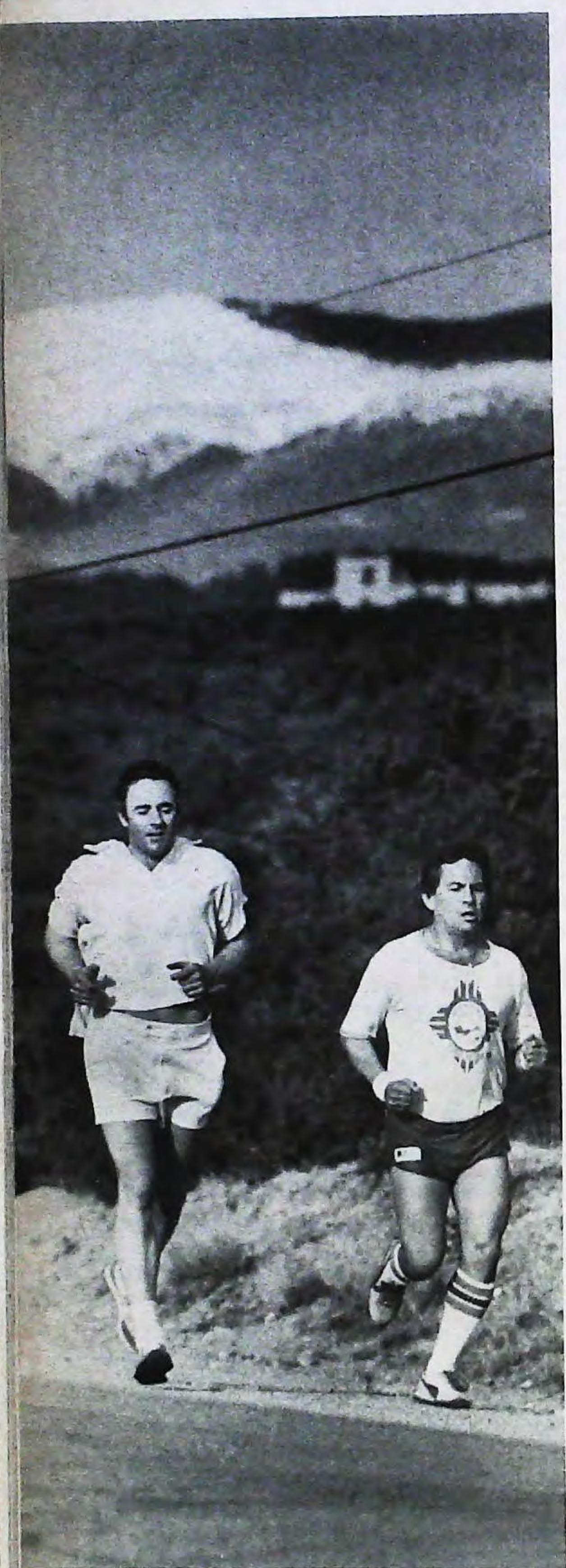
Misha, now 12, can, in fact, be quite as resolute as his mother. Living with his widowed grandmother in a small flat in Leningrad, he recently wrote to Soviet Premier Leonid Brezhnev, pleading for his freedom. The letter went unanswered, and in December the boy was beaten up for the second time by a bunch of teenage boys, who called him a "Jewish pig." When he complained to his teacher, she told him it was his imagination. Misha went on a hunger strike. Four days later the boys apologized. Though Misha's father does not visit his son, the government has threatened to strip Dr. Voikhanskaya of maternal rights, condemning her never to see Misha again.

Now visiting friends and taking medical courses in New Jersey, the doctor makes her home in London, where she is preparing for her license to practice in Britain. She writes to Misha almost daily to lift herself from deepest depression. "In a way I feel I'm a criminal," she admits. "I feel guilty because I left my son. For me it would be easier to be imprisoned in a mental hospital in Russia—and that is what they were going to do to me—than to stay in the West without Misha." She has already gathered 3,000 signatures on a petition for the boy's release, and a "Let Misha Go" Committee was formed recently in London with playwright Tom Stoppard as honorary president. Saul Bellow, Arthur Miller and Joan Baez are members. Voikhanskaya has also appealed to the U.S. State Department for help.

Whatever her regrets about the course she has taken, there is no turning back. "If I returned now," she says solemnly, "I'd have to earn my way. That is, I'd have to betray everyone and everything. I'd have to say I was CIA. Even for Misha, I can't do that."

PHILIP NOBILE

NEW MEXICO GOV. JERRY APODACA SURVIVES THE AGONY OF THE BOSTON MARATHON—BUT BARELY



SHELLY KATZ/BLACK STAR

"I run late in the day, so I can leave my problems on the highway," says Apodaca, working out with a friend near Santa Fe.



"It's terrible," gasped Apodaca at marathon's end. "Terrible... people can't tell you how terrible it is."



Wife Clara gave the governor a kiss at 10 miles, then turned up for some body-to-body resuscitation at the finish.



Like most fleshly mortification, it began with a sense of decay. "I took a good look at myself in the mirror one morning and realized I had really gotten sloppy," says New Mexico Gov. Jerry Apodaca. "I weighed 187 pounds and it was all in the wrong places." Since that moment of grim self-discovery, the sturdy, 5'8" former football hero has shed 17 pounds of his own wretched excess—and proved he is one politician who runs even after the votes are counted. Last week, after nearly a year of high-altitude training in the hills above his Santa Fe home, Apodaca slogged to pain and glory, finishing—but barely—the cruel 26-mile, 385-yard Boston Marathon. Clad in Day-Glo orange shorts, a bright yellow running shirt emblazoned with New Mexico's sun symbol and a worn pair of red-and-white running shoes, he covered the distance in four hours and 10 minutes—nearly two hours behind winner Bill Rodgers. The rewards were psychic, but not without cost. "I've never felt anything like it in my life," said Apodaca afterward. "My feet, my knees, my calves, my thighs and my butt were killing me. I thought the muscles would pop through my skin. I thought I wouldn't be able to make it—but I never thought of quitting."

Such do-or-die dedication has been the mainspring of Apodaca's life and career. "I know I'm a compulsive com-

petitor," he admits, "but I've been that way since I was a little kid." To prepare for the marathon, the state's first Mexican-American governor in 60 years ran as much as 10 miles a day, braving rain, snow and snarling dogs. A swerving motorist once forced him off the road onto a pile of rocks, and his thick halfback's thighs bled from the incessant chafing. Squeezing in his training during 14-hour workdays, the governor estimates he put in 2,000 miles of premarathon roadwork. "Jerry can do just about anything he wants to," says a longtime associate. "Hell, sometimes he even takes the controls from the pilot and flies the governor's helicopter—and he's never had a flying lesson."

Born to bilingual parents in the dusty poverty of Las Cruces, young Jerry was held back in first grade to improve his English—an experience friends believe may have fired his furious drive to excel. (As governor, Apodaca has made kindergartens mandatory throughout the state, so Chicano children can become bilingual earlier.) All-state football in high school, he won a scholarship to the University of New Mexico, where he majored in education. After graduating in 1957, he married his high school sweetheart, Clara Melendres, then taught history and coached football at an Albuquerque high school. But ambition and

CONTINUED

CONTINUED
his growing family caught up with him. Moving back to Las Cruces, he opened a storefront insurance agency. "I've never been a hard-sell kind of guy," he says. "But I had to try something." When the agency prospered, he branched out into shoe stores and real estate.

"But being rich wasn't exciting enough," says Apodaca. In 1964, after working on a friend's unsuccessful campaign for mayor, he decided to try politics himself. Against all advice, he ran for state senator as a Democrat—and lost, partly because his nervousness as a public speaker left an



The father of an athletic clan, Apodaca pores over mementos of past glory with Clara and kids Jeff and Cindy.

"He's one of the nicest men anywhere—as long as he's overworked," says an aide. Below, Apodaca sprints through his mail.



impression of quaking timidity. Undaunted, Apodaca took speech lessons and two years later won the seat. Today the governor speaks immaculate newscaster's English in public, though a slight Spanish inflection creeps through after hours. Then following eight years in the senate, he decided to run for governor, though most New Mexicans had no idea who he was. To make a virtue of Apodaca's anonymity, his campaign manager posed him in a borrowed, bone-white running suit for a series of billboards, labeling him tersely, THE MAN NOBODY OWNS. "I used to be out campaigning," recalls Apodaca with a

grin, "and people would light up and say, 'Hey, I know you—you're the man nobody owns.' " He defeated his Republican opponent by a squeaky 3,700 votes.

As governor Apodaca has streamlined the state's bureaucracy (which he once called a "700-pound marshmallow") and fired many state employees—a step that made him cringe "because you know how it affects their families." He issued an order cutting back on long lunches and another forbidding government employees from drinking during the workday. "I think I've got the marshmallow down to about 500 pounds now," he says. Setting an example for his fellow public servants, he arrives at the office by 8:30 a.m. but slips away from the statehouse whenever he can to watch his children carry on the family athletic tradition. Daughters Cindy, 20, and Carolyn, 19, now at the University of New Mexico, have swum competitively; Jerry Jr., 18, was an all-state football player in high school; Jeff, 16, is a sophomore running back; and Judy, 14, recently won a hurdles event in her age group. "I've never pressured any of my children to go into sports," says Apodaca proudly. "The only thing I've told them is that if they make up their minds to do something, they can't ever, ever quit. That goes for everything else too."

State law prevents Apodaca from succeeding himself as governor, but his political future may not be behind him. For the moment, though, he and Clara are planning to build a house on a hilltop overlooking Santa Fe, with a breath-stopping backdrop of mountains and desert. Next Apodaca says he'll finish writing his memoirs, build up his businesses again (he's into racquetball courts already) and campaign for Jimmy Carter's reelection in 1980. He dismisses rumors of a presidential appointment—"There's nothing the President could offer that would interest me"—but is keeping the door ajar for a possible run for the U.S. Senate in 1982. As for the other kind of running, the governor says he'll keep on truckin', despite the blisters he brought back from Boston and his vivid memories of the marathon's agony. "I kept my composure real good until I crossed the line," he remembers. "Then it was over, and when I saw an old friend I couldn't even speak to him. It was like I was in a dream—the hardest thing I've ever done."

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HAPPY

**WE ARE NOT ALONE
INDEED: A CLOSE
ENCOUNTER OF
THE FURRED KIND**

Toronto hadn't seen anything like it in a coon's age. Shortly after Gloria Yasny organized a women's physical fitness program at the Banbury Community Center, the ladies in leotards got a funny feeling they were being watched whenever they exercised to music. Eventually the Peeping Toms were discovered, staring down from the rafters while the ladies sweated through pushups. The family of three raccoons aren't, as it turned out, weight watchers at all, but music lovers. As soon as the pop ballads are shut off, the trio promptly turns tail and goes back to whatever coons do in attics. □

While Issome Gloria Yasny (foreground) leads her class of body builders, sort of heavy, heavy hangs over their heads.



© THE GLOBE AND MAIL, TORONTO

ATTENTION PASSENGERS: PILOT 'SLIM' CUMMINGS CAN CURE YOUR WHITE-KNUCKLE BLUES

IN HIS OWN
WORDS



Despite the airlines' safety record—Lloyds of London says it is 25 times safer to fly than to drive a car—millions of Americans are afraid to get on a plane and millions more are white-knuckle passengers who fly only because they have to. Three and a half years ago Pan Am pilot Truman W. "Slim" Cummings set out to cure these fearful fliers. For a fee of \$100, the students go through a two-week course that culminates with a dramatic "graduation" flight. So far more than 1,000 people have taken the program. No one is better qualified to allay a passenger's anxieties than Cummings, who at age 60 has spent some 20,000 hours in the air. Born in Iowa, he studied psychology at the University of Dubuque. A bomber pilot in North Africa during World War II—"I was scared of flying then"—he joined Pan Am in 1946 and retired last year. Pan Am sponsors Cummings' nonprofit seminars, which he puts on all over the country. His home base is

Coral Gables, Fla., where he shares a modern house with his wife, Carmen, 49, a former stewardess, and two teenage daughters. A married daughter lives in Dallas. Cummings discussed the subject with Christopher P. Andersen of PEOPLE.

How many people are afraid to fly?

Conservatively, 25 million adults in this country suffer from aerophobia, although some of them do fly. It's safe to say that there is probably a fearful flier in every American family.

Who is the typical fearful flier?

Our classes have included housewives, truck drivers, executives, doctors, bankers and lawyers. Actress Cornelia Sharpe was a recent pupil. One board chairman drove 1,200 miles to attend our seminar in Atlanta. Judging from those who come to us for help, the average fearful flier is 39, has had 3.8 years of college—and is twice as likely to be a woman.

Cummings instructs the graduating class over the intercom as they hold hands and prepare for their moment of truth—takeoff.

Why are women more afraid?

It may well be that women are just more willing to step forward and admit their fears. Because of the machismo thing, men are reluctant to admit any fear or weakness. They remain closet cowards.

Do fearful fliers have other phobias?

Many people won't get on a plane because they fear heights. Others have a touch of claustrophobia and can't stand the idea of being closed in; often these same people won't get on an elevator. But perhaps the biggest fear is the fear of losing control.

Is any one personality type more prone to this fear?

Ironically, many of these people are perfectionists. They pride themselves on being in control at all times. On

During the flight from Chicago's O'Hare airport, pupil Donna Stauffer gets a reassuring tour of the cockpit.

one level, they don't like handing over their safety to a pilot and a flight crew. On another level, they are deeply concerned that during a flight they will embarrass themselves by babbling, getting hysterical or going berserk. In fact, as FDR said, the only thing they really have to fear is fear itself.

Do people sometimes develop a phobia after years of flying?

Yes. I've even encountered former stewardesses who suddenly refused to get on a plane. It usually accompanies getting married and having children. When you're responsible for other people, flying becomes a tremendous risk.

How intense can that fear get?

Some people are actually afraid of even looking at a plane. If one flies overhead, they'll turn their head down-

ward. I've encountered more than one person who worries seriously that a plane will fall out of the sky and land on him.

What are passengers' specific worries?

That the plane will be struck by lightning, that it will break apart in turbulent weather, that birds will be sucked into the engines—you name it. A lot of otherwise bright people feel that when engine power is reduced, the plane will fall to earth or flip over backward. They can't figure out how air can be holding them up. Flying defies the laws of gravity; it's unnatural. And there's the standard concern that the pilot is incompetent or drunk—or that he'll have a heart attack at the controls.

Are any of these worries justified?

No. I don't enjoy turbulent weather, but the planes flown by the major airlines are built like battleships. The safety records are tremendous. In the

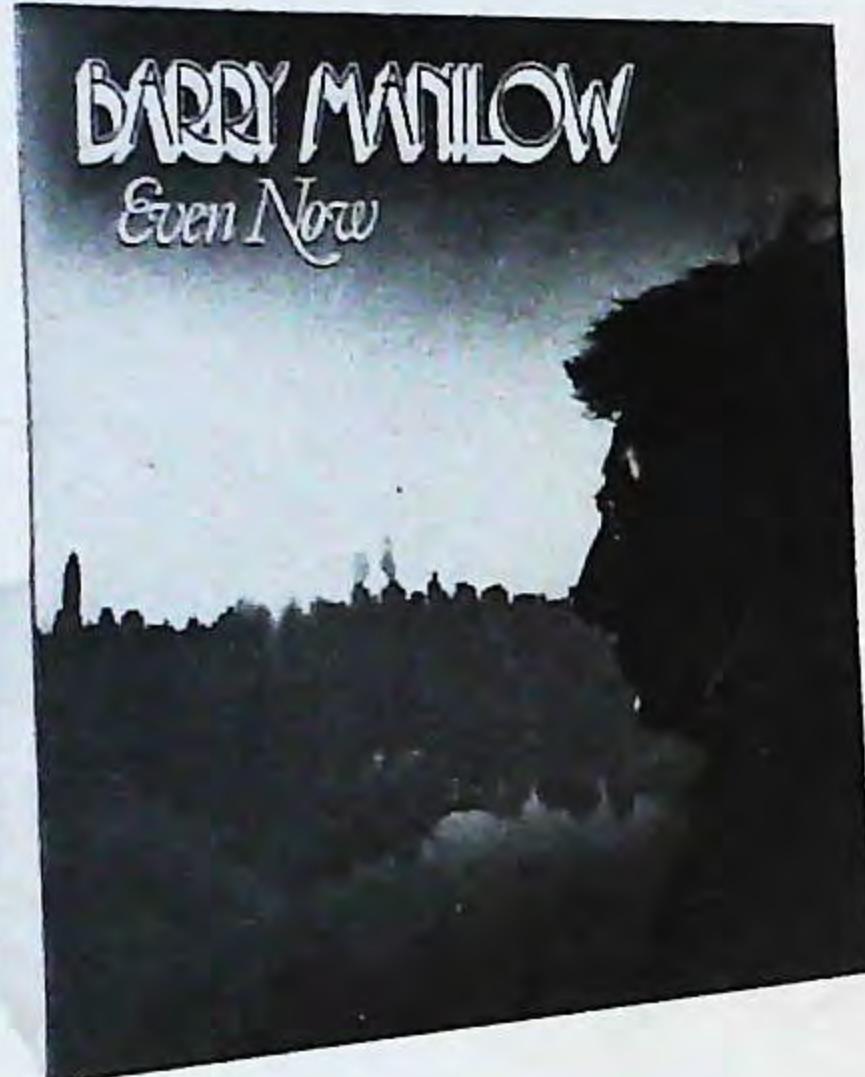
last six years there has been only a handful of crashes involving wide-bodied jets. Every day in the U.S. more than half a million people board 2,500 airplanes and fly an average 800-mile trip without incident.

Can you spot the fearful flier?

Always. There are several clues. One type stares straight ahead for hours, worried that by looking left or right he will change the course of the aircraft. Another type won't even leave his seat to go to the bathroom because he believes that walking around might "rock" the plane. One woman told me she would never speak to anyone because that might upset the aircraft in some manner. I have had repeated examples of people clutching their traveling companions so hard they drew blood. One woman from Philadelphia wrote to me that she had overcome her fear of flying and that her husband was especially grateful because his arm had healed.

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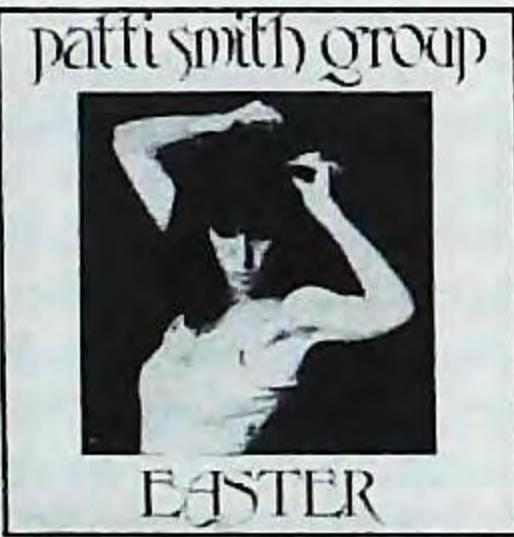
*America's
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All week long.*



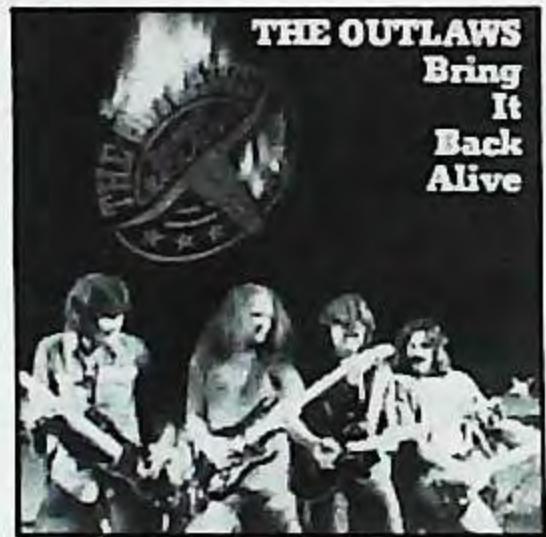
You don't have to wait for Saturday night to get Barry Manilow fever. He's America's favorite male vocalist every day of the week. "Even Now," his incomparable new album, is already the second biggest seller in the country. And it's fast closing the gap on you know what.

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Flying is one thing. Some students have to summon up courage simply to board an elevator to inspect the control tower.

WordsCONTINUED

What about alcohol?

"Get me a double" is often the first thing stewardesses will hear from a passenger. A person who does not normally drink may tank up on martinis in the airport lounge just to steel himself for the flight. For obvious reasons this is no solution. A man told me that he didn't like liquor but because he had to fly he was becoming an alcoholic.

What's wrong with just staying on the ground?

It is often a major career obstacle. One man was going to be promoted to vice-president of a bank but lost out because he couldn't do the required traveling. Marriages have broken up because one spouse wants to travel while the other can't go near a plane. I recall one woman who dragged her husband to our seminar with the ultimatum that either he overcome his fear or she would leave him.

How do you approach the problem?

I don't ever try to reason with the fearful flier. You cannot convince him with logic. Quoting accident figures —45 killed in U.S. airline accidents in 1976 compared to 44,000 on the highways—may be impressive but it won't change people's minds. I approach the problem at a much deeper level.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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HATE CUTLER/GLOBE PHOTOS
To calm his in-flight jitters, Bob Newhart conjures up "vicarious mental pictures of stewardesses doing rude things."

ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES
In fear of flying, women outnumber men 2 to 1. Often a toughie on the screen, Glenda Jackson is "terrified of planes."

FRANK EDWARDS/PICTORIAL PARADE
Despite hundreds of campaign flights, Ronald Reagan was convinced he "held the plane up in the air by sheer willpower."

RON GALLELLA
The craft that worry Bella Abzug are helicopters: "They are so small that I feel like I'm flying in a kite. It's scary."

Many famous fliers would simply rather not



After their successful "graduation" flight, relieved students like F. N. Fitzgerald gather around Cummings to express their thanks.

Words CONTINUED

What is the first step?

Learning to relax. You cannot be afraid or panicky when you're relaxed. Deep-breathing exercises bring everyone in the class to the alpha level of consciousness—a sharp reduction in brain wave frequency that opens the mind on the subconscious level.

What comes next?

I tell them to close their eyes and simply imagine the exterior of a plane. Then I take them on an imaginary flight, describing in detail what it would be like if they were actually in the air. After we return from our imaginary flight, the subconscious will not know that the flight didn't take place in reality. Later at the airport we walk around a plane as I explain how it works. We take a look at the control tower, then get on a plane and taxi down the runway without taking off. After six sessions we take a graduation flight—more than an hour of maneuvering and sightseeing.

How do you get your students ready for takeoff?

We have a deep-breathing relaxation exercise before we get on the plane. Once aboard, I make sure everyone settles firmly in their seats—no edge sitting—and then the breathing exercises are repeated. While preparing for takeoff, I explain all the various

sounds and sensations one feels. Just before liftoff, as we accelerate down the runway, I tell them to wiggle their toes. It's a rather effective ploy to distract them.

What happens at takeoff?

Spontaneous applause. Cheering. Sometimes people cry with joy. The moment of takeoff is the moment they have licked the problem.

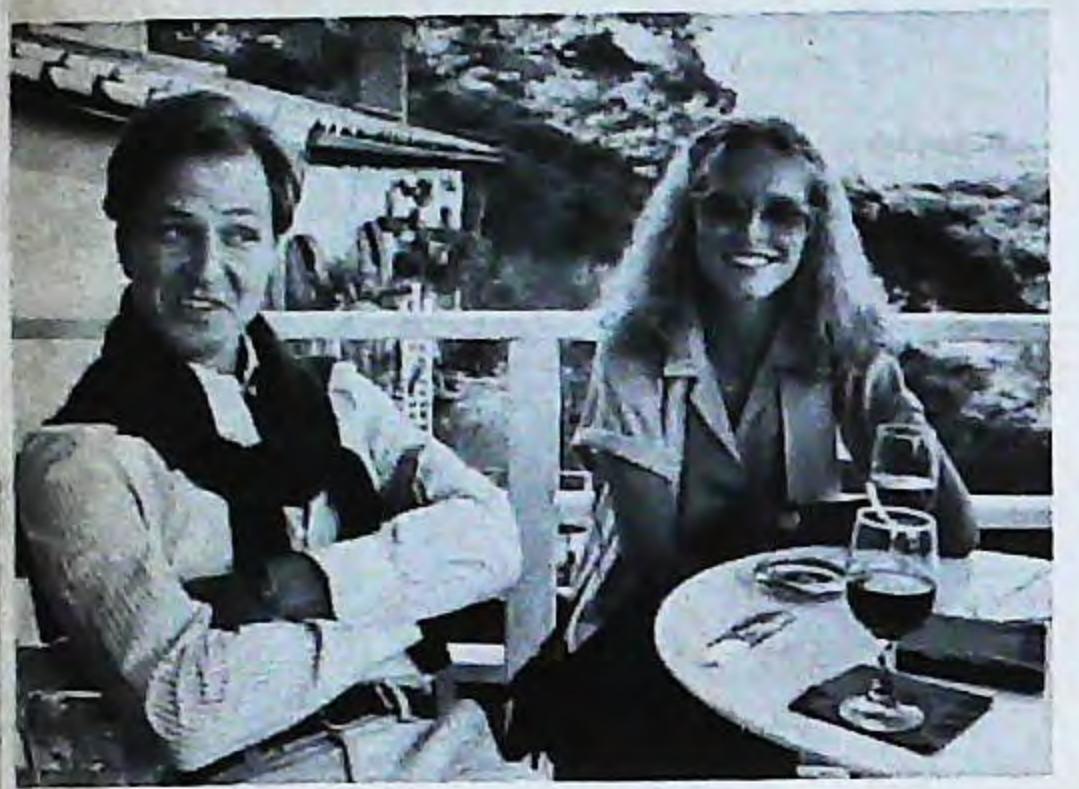
Does everyone make it to the graduation?

No. Out of an average class of 55, we usually have two or three dropouts.

Has the airline industry done enough for the fearful flier?

Not at all. Most major carriers don't even want to admit there are people afraid to fly. They are ignoring millions of potential customers, many of whom become flying fools once they stop being afraid. □

THE STARS WAR ON BEHALF OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT, AND THE SKY RAINS BUCKS



Cheryl Ladd brought along hubby David to Joan Hackett's party on the grounds that "ERA is for all of us—men, women and children."



Susan Blakely, with steady Steve Jaffe, says, "It's fur! campaigning" but quips: "Do you really think we're going to have coed toilets?"

In the women's movement, the word from the front is disturbing. The Equal Rights Amendment has been ratified by 35 states and needs three more to become law. The deadline is next March, but only one of the nonratifying states (Illinois) has even scheduled a vote for 1978. So ERA supporters have decided it is time to wheel in the heavy artillery on all coasts, resulting in a nonstop fusillade of fund raisers. In Hollywood celebs by the dozens showed up at actress Joan Hackett's for lunch and gave more than \$57,000 before the night was done. In a 36-hour blitzkrieg in Manhattan, 1,200 attended brunches, lunches and dinners at six fashionable restaurants.

Chez Hackett the guests munched on Joan's homemade pâté, leek-and-asparagus quiche and fruitcake



Mark (Star Wars) Hamill, 26, arrived in self-confessed ignorance of the ERA issue, but, inspired by Bella Abzug's oratory, ponied up.



What is there to fear in the words 'equal rights?' asks hostess Hackett, hammering it up with \$1,000 donor Carrie Fisher.

"with enough rum to set your pipe on fire." A zealous ERA backer, Hackett (star of CBS's new *Another Day*) also splashed because "I haven't given a party in six months, and I like to cook." With a nod in the direction of Jon Voight and Jack Nicholson, the hostess enthused, "The supportiveness of the men—sexy men—was utterly thrilling." Nicholson, in fact,



Smilin' Jack Nicholson had no comment on the movement, but his 14-year-old daughter Jennifer discussed running for President someday.

didn't contribute, but many no-shows did. Henry Winkler wired a pledge "in the name of freedom for all women," and Warren Beatty volunteered to host an ERA benefit.

In Manhattan, for upwards of \$25 per, ERA supporters wolfed down scrambled eggs at Elaine's, nibbled spinach-and-cheese quiche at the Ginger Man (quasipontaneously relabeled the Ginger Person by actress Barbara Feldon) and sampled curried chicken salad at Summerhouse. The latter establishment is owned and operated by not one but six ERA-supporting women. In all, over \$40,000 was raised.

Although she did not come up with cash (pleading unemployment), peren-

Photographs by Robin Platzer/Images



Valerie Harper, an activist for the cause, contributed \$5,000. "I got involved," she says, "when I realized the opposition was based on lies."



After putting the squeeze on Tommy Smothers at the Hackett party, Polly Bergen jetted to New York for round two of the ERA fund raisers.



"I'm not for all the militant stuff," says Hope Lange, "but I'm all for the ERA." With her is songwriter Dory (Beware of Young Girls) Previn.



Between chuckles with beau Peter Riegert, the Divine Miss M donated a check for a generous but expectably eccentric \$3,573.83.



"Today the phrase 'All men are created equal' applies to men but not women," Jon Voight sounded off, and Ellen Burstyn kicked in \$2,500.

nial candidate Bella Abzug made the scene on both coasts. In New York she recalled a chat several years ago with an ERA opponent, Congressman Emanuel Celler, who had found it conclusive that there were no women at the Last Supper. "That's right," boomed Bella, "but you can be damn sure we'll be at the next supper." □

CONTINUED

Party CONTINUED

That was L.A., and then another coast was heard from with a N.Y. blitzkrieg



ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES (2)

Taking a break from planting ERA buttons on male diners at the "Ginger Person," Judy Collins called the fund raiser "a wonderful evening."



OSCAR APOLIA (2)

Jack and Judy Carter met actress Fannie Flagg. Advised Jimmy's daughter-in-law: "It may sound corny, but write your congressmen."



"I'm an ERA backer all the way," says Gordon Parks, dining with neighbor Dina Merrill. "The dames have been trounced too long."



ERA finances worry ex-Met Opera manager Schuyler Chapin, but Stephen Sondheim cracks: "I thought women controlled all the money."

Writer Nora Ephron took some kidding about her quote in that morning's *Times*, "There were too many writers in the women's movement."

His destiny was to die in poverty and disappointment.

Yet his genius gave the world some of the most beautiful music ever heard.

At the age of 6, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was the talk of Europe. By the time he was 8, he had sat on the knee of Empress Maria Theresa, delighted the court of George III, and composed four sonatas.

Fame came early but fortune always eluded him—and when he died of kidney disease at 35, he was



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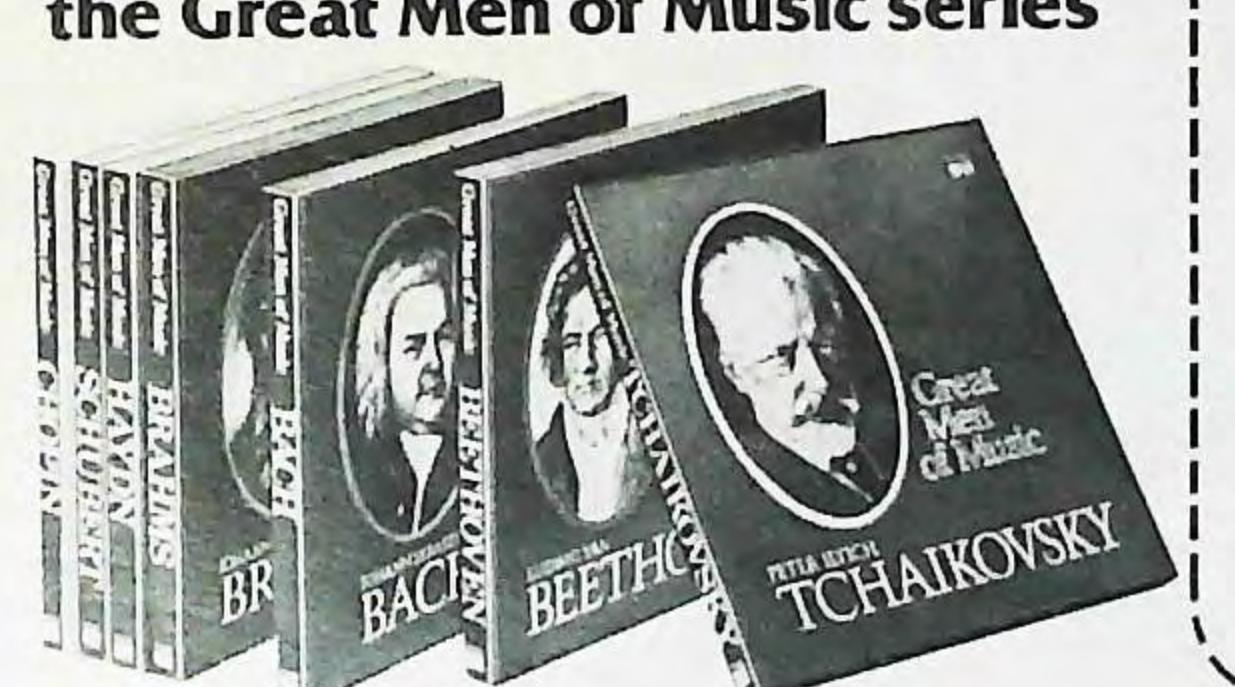
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Party CONTINUED

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Taking a break from planting ERA male diners at the "Ginger Person," called the fund raiser "a wonderful



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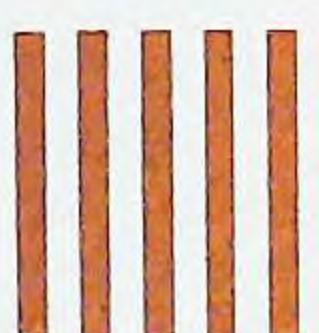
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At the age of 6, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was the talk of Europe. By the time he was 8, he had sat on the knee of Empress Maria Theresa, delighted the court of George III, and composed four sonatas.

Fame came early but fortune always eluded him—and when he died of kidney disease at 35, he was destitute and had to be buried in a pauper's grave.

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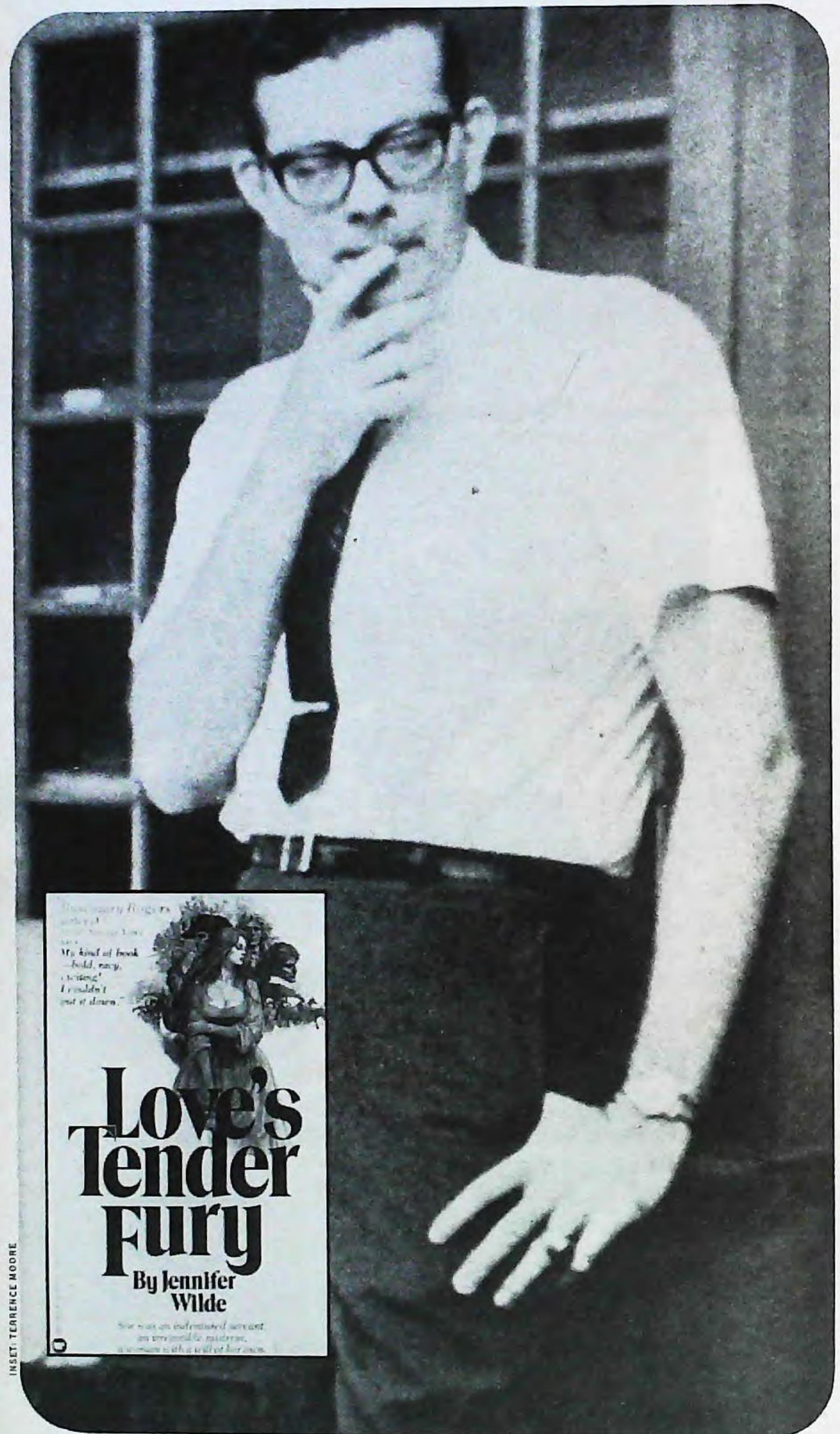
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RLAVCS

OUT OF THE PAGES

BEHIND JENNIFER WILDE'S RACY PAPERBACKS LURKS A TEXAS MYSTERY MAN, TOM E. HUFF



INSET: TERRENCE MOORE

The publicity-shy Huff, an ex-high school teacher, was snapped only rarely in recent years—in a 1967 yearbook (above) and at

an authors' party in Fort Worth (right). Rival Rosemary Rogers calls LTF "bold, racy, exciting," and it may spawn a TV series.

I tried to sit up. He shoved me back down, and I cried out, but he smothered my cry with his lips, kissing me with an urgency that communicated itself to me, became my own, and I held him to me, trembling beneath him as his hands lifted my skirts.

—from *Dare to Love* by Jennifer Wilde

Rejoice, historical-romance fans, Jennifer Wilde is back. And to no one's surprise, Jennifer's latest novel is palpitating its way up the paperback best-seller list. After all, his first scorchier two years ago, *Love's Tender Fury*, sold some 2.5 million copies.

His? Uh, well, it seems that Jennifer Wilde is a pseudonym for Tom E. (for Elmer) Huff, a soft-spoken, 40-year-old bachelor and ex-high school teacher in Fort Worth, Texas. Previous to his incarnation as Jennifer, Huff wrote 19 books, mostly gothic novels, under such names as Beatrice Parker, Edwina Marlow and Katherine St. Clair.

Understandably, Huff would much prefer that only his publisher (Warner Books) knew about his gentle deception. "There's a certain mystique about this stuff, you see," he says earnestly. "If those women who buy my books

CONTINUED



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BOB SHAW
Hidden behind curtained windows, a little-known writer toils day and night to finish a new book under the name Tom E. Huff.

Pages

CONTINUED
ever get the idea that a man has written them, it could put a block in their minds."

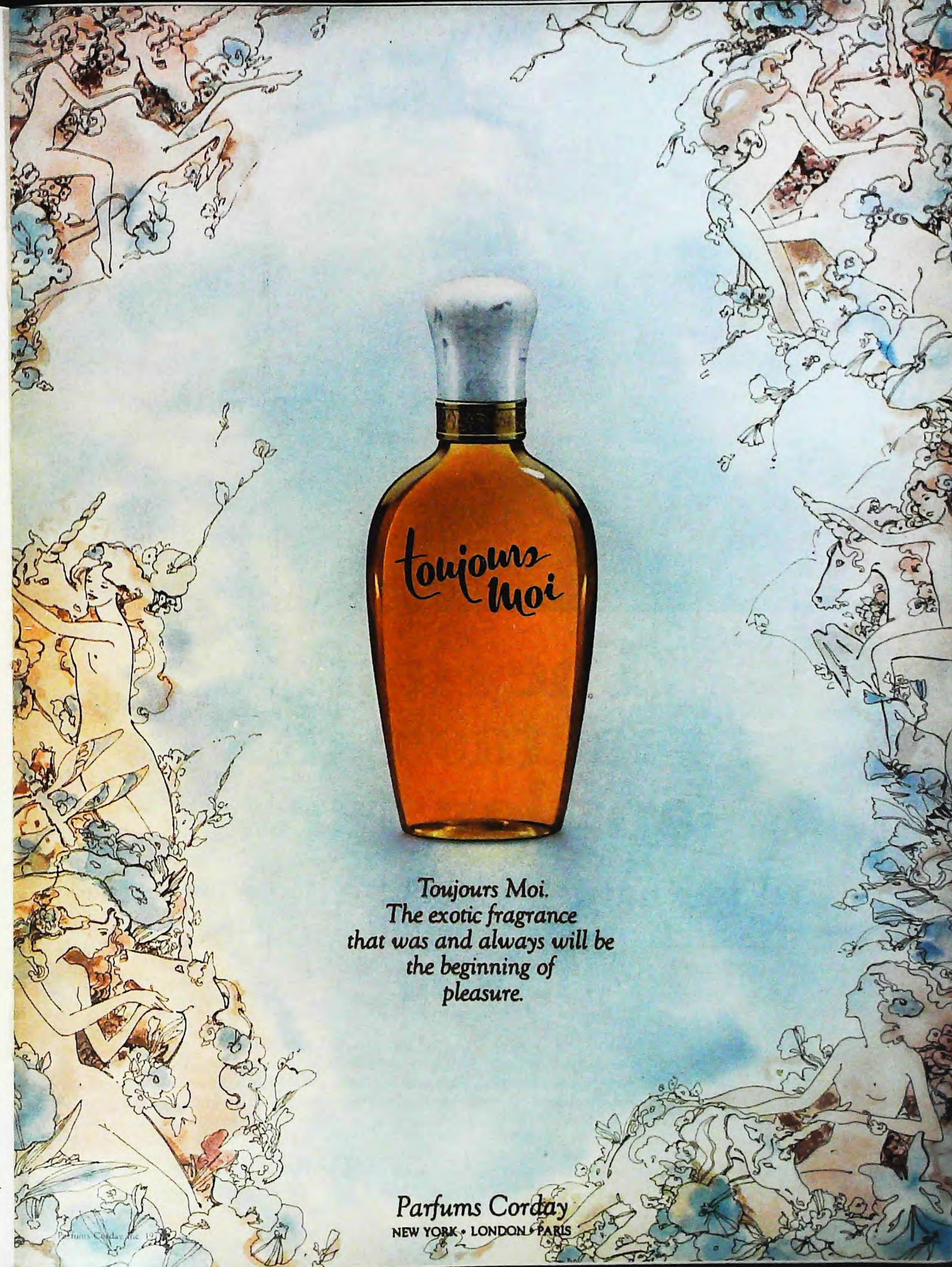
To preserve Jennifer's secret, Huff makes himself as elusive and reclusive as possible. He shuns reporters and photographers. His phone is unlisted and, for good measure, often unplugged. Living quietly in a plain, two-story brick home with his mother, Beatrice, Huff says, "I'm usually unshaven, in an old T-shirt, in front of my typewriter getting the job done."

Known as Tommy in the neighborhood where he has lived all his life, Huff was a 1960 graduate of Texas Wesleyan College just a few miles away. After that he got a job teaching English at R. L. Paschal High School. He is remembered there as a popular teacher, a spinner of first-person yarns and a resolutely independent soul. "He got peeved at the principal one day," recalls history teacher Zelma Rhodes, "and he up and quit."

Long a dabbler at writing, Huff started on his road to best-selling anonymity 11 years ago. "You just work like hell and maybe, if you're lucky, you'll make it," Huff says. "I had to turn out three gothics a year to make a living."

Now he is about to emerge from the literary closet with a novel under his real name, due from St. Martin's Press next winter. Refusing to discuss his new book, except to admit that it will be a far cry from his sizzling paperbacks, Huff talks like a man shedding an awesome burden. "My goal has been to reach a point where I can write what I want to. The Jennifer Wilde thing will be over with," he sighs, adding as if in pain, "I don't relate to her at all."

MICHAEL WALLIS



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LOOKOUT

A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING



Nanda Duhe's father, John (above), was so anxious for her to find an immunization or cure for his highly allergic reaction to poison ivy that she decided to make it a project for her Houston high school science fair. Using her dad and older brother Raymond as guinea pigs, Nanda, 17, tested several substances and finally settled on a metallic compound, ferric ammonium citrate, which is smeared on with a cotton swab. "It was a shot in the dark that worked," she says modestly, but it has won her a fistful of prizes from the American Medical Association and the U.S. Army, among others. But most cherished was a first place at the International Science and Engineering Fair in Cleveland, which included a free trip to Stockholm last December to attend the Nobel Prize ceremonies and meet the King and Queen of Sweden. "I never even dreamed anything like this could happen to me," she exclaims. FDA approval is still pending, but a drug company has already offered Nanda an option fee, and she has assigned all but 25 percent of any future royalties to the nearby University of Houston in gratitude for faculty assistance. Her share will go toward her own college and med school education. Ultimately she plans a career in medical research. Among other things she wants to investigate is why she herself is allergic to metal—and can't wear earrings. □

Frank Della Penna is one of the few master carillonneurs in this country, which is no lightweight achievement. A carillon is composed of 23 or more cast bronze bells usually suspended high up in a belfry. To play one, Della Penna, 26, uses his fists on a keyboard of wooden batons—each connected to a bell clapper—and manipulates tone pedals with his feet. For protection, Della Penna wears leather gloves and practices year round to keep his hands from going soft. A former phys ed major at West Chester State College in Pennsylvania, Della Penna studied more than seven years before reaching the level of "master," including one year at the newly established French Carillon School in Tourcoing, of which he was the first graduate ever. When not giving concerts (his fee ranges up to \$120 per hour), he works as a salesman for a bell manufacturer, I. T. Verdin, in Cincinnati. Last summer he strapped the company's two-ton traveling carillon onto a pickup truck and toured the Washington, D.C. area giving impromptu recitals. The response was so great, he intends repeat performances this summer. "The beauty of the carillon," says Della Penna, "is that you can make it boom as loud as you want or make it whisper. Played properly, it's a very emotional instrument." □





RABBIT



DASHER



BEETLE & BUS

SCIROCCO



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RABBIT



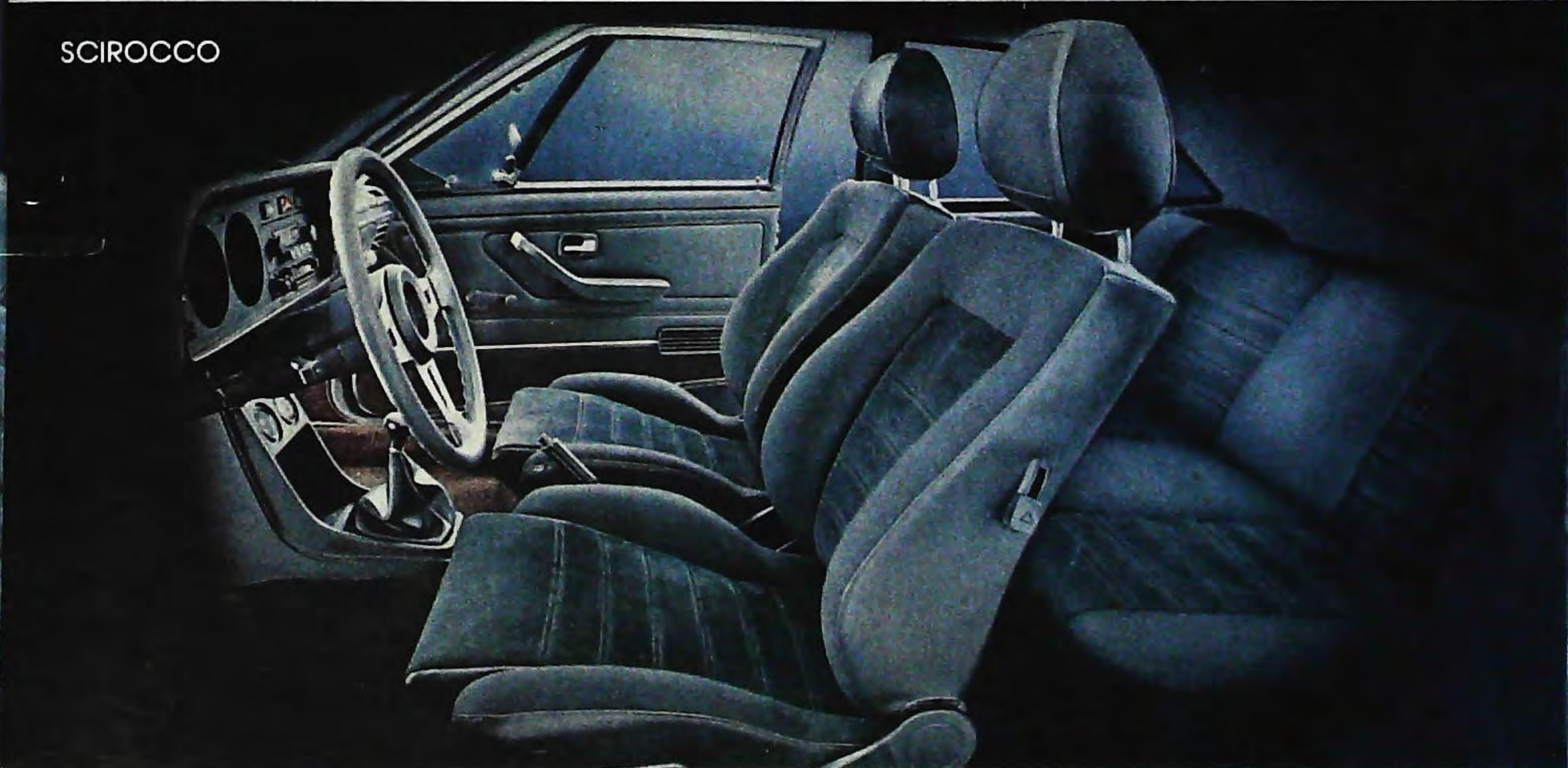
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DASHER



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BIO

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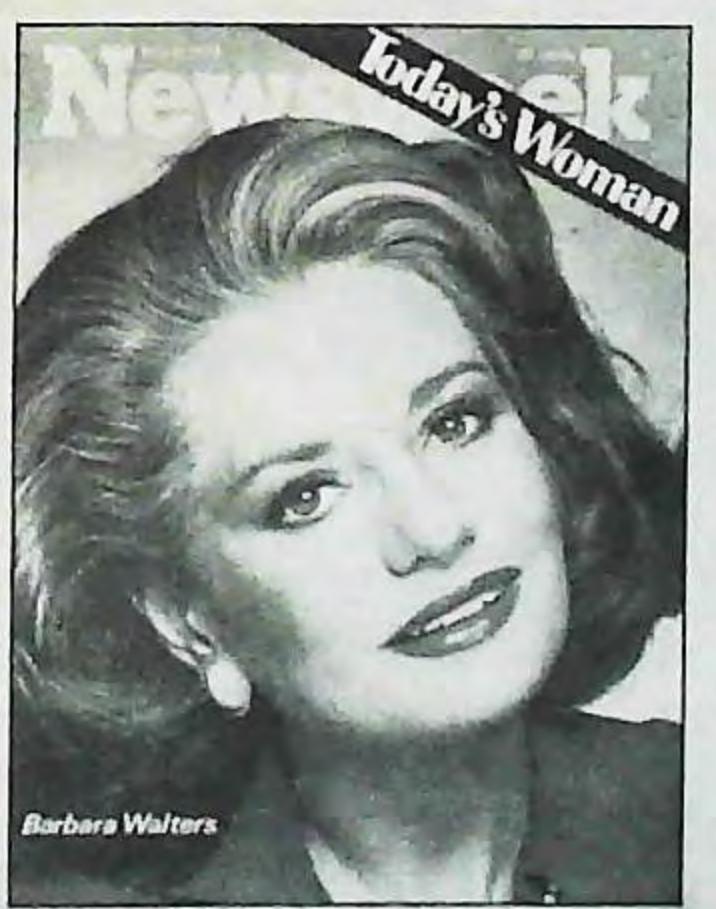
BULOVA

A NAME YOU KNOW ON A WATCH YOU CAN TRUST

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Bandy exercises every day. Above: Martha Mitchell "didn't really think she looked very different" on a 1974 cover with makeup by Bandy. Right: Barbara Walters, with a Bandy face, becomes a cover girl.



IF IT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS, THE FACE WAS PROBABLY DONE BY MAKEUP GENIUS WAY BANDY

Zucchini is soaking in his Manhattan sink. His Acme Juicerator is pulverizing the carrots. Nine different vitamin pills are lying out on the counter. At 10:30 on a Saturday night, Way Bandy, zealous vegetarian and the world's leading makeup artist, is preparing the week's diet of organic food for soaking in Clorox—one half teaspoon in a gallon of water. "The Clorox raises its energy level and removes insecticides," Way believes.

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"I see the face as an unpainted canvas."
Bandy and hairdresser Maury Hopson prepare Kim Acee for a shampoo ad. Then Bandy adds a touch (right).

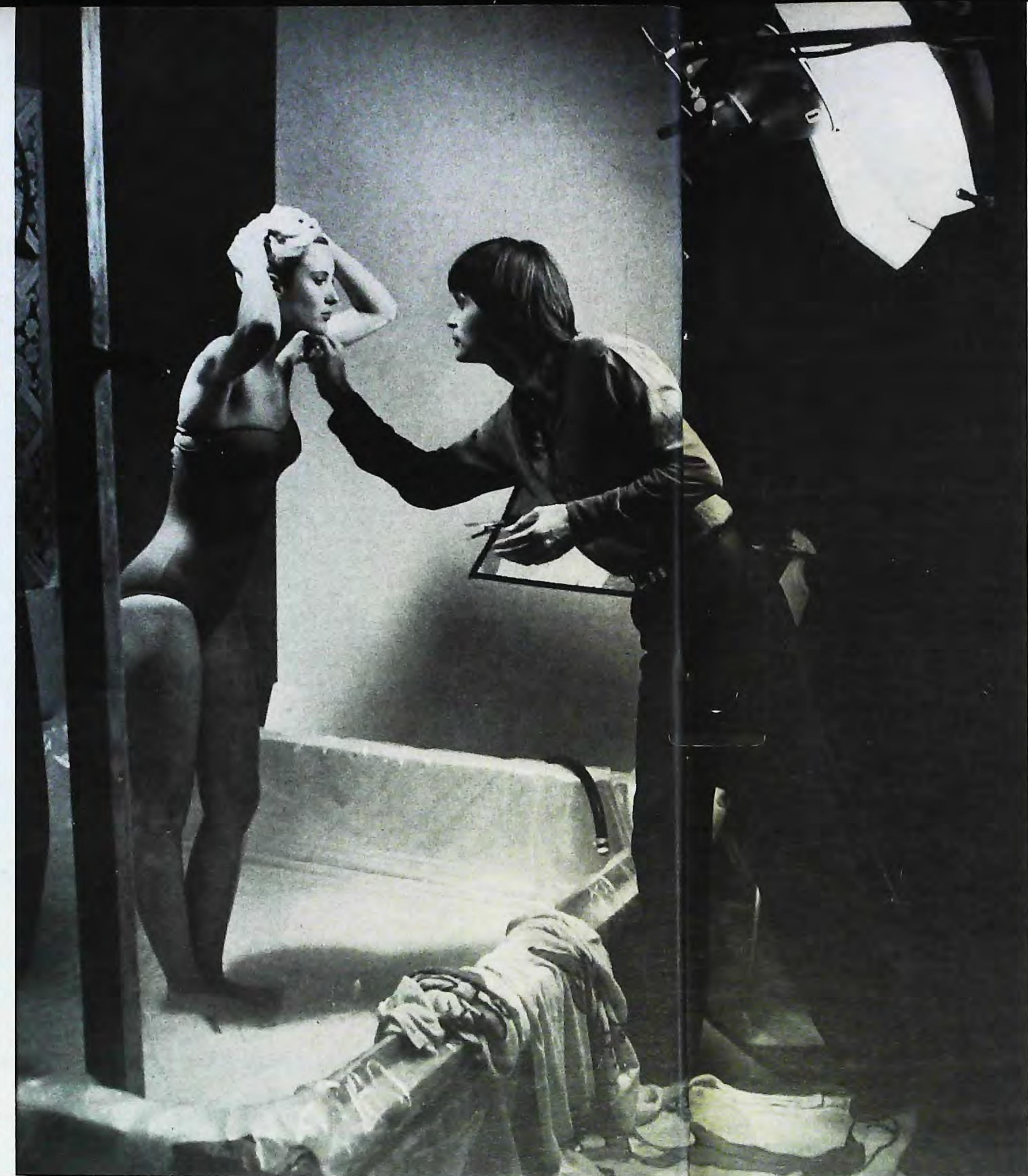
BioCONTINUED

Suddenly the phone interrupts. In custom-tailored white kimono and straw scuffs ("I never walk barefoot in my apartment—only on the earth"), he moves faulike into the study, picks up the phone, listens. Movie director Lamont Johnson has an emergency. Farrah Fawcett-Majors—shooting a movie, *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, in New York—has decided to change her hair! Can Bandy come up with a face to match?

The next evening, with makeup bag in hand—and a four-digit fee plus screen credit assured—Bandy goes to inspect the face that has sold millions of posters. For the next two hours, in Farrah's bedroom, they engage in a discussion of health foods while he works. The new Farrah emerges: She is gorgeous simplicity itself. Bandy has scrubbed her face bare and then used only "a smudge of taupe pencil around the eyes and a little pink rouge."

It is Way Bandy who is responsible for the look of cover girls—and guys—in the 1970s. His idealized faces, with their apparently translucent skin, adorn the covers of *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Cosmopolitan*—even *Rolling Stone* and rock album covers. *Vogue*'s fashion editor, Polly Allen Mellen, says firmly, "Way Bandy is the greatest makeup artist in the world."

Cher, Barbara Walters, Elizabeth Taylor, Cheryl Tiegs, Lee Radziwill, Catherine Deneuve and Helen Gurley Brown all put their faces into his hands before important photo sessions. He

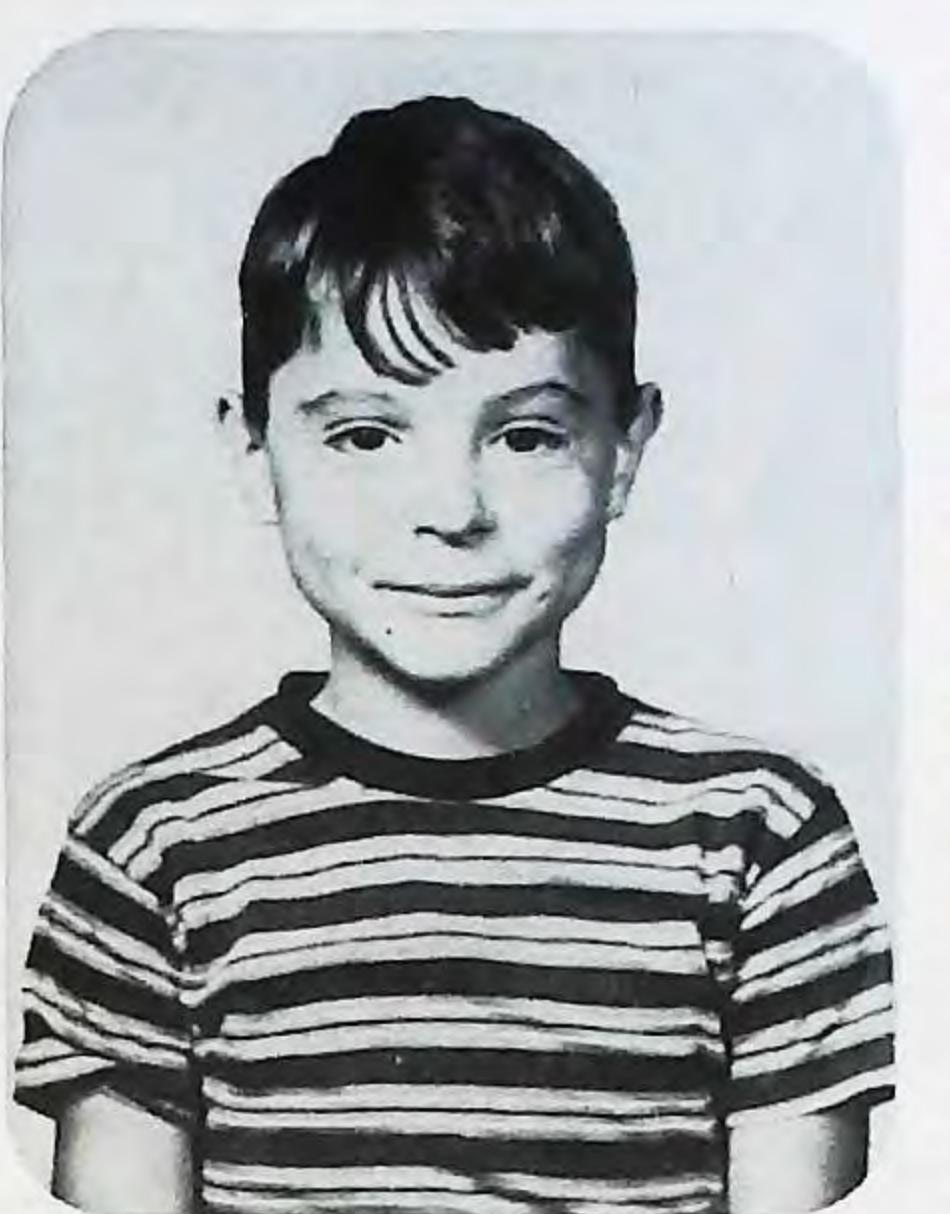


has even had fleeting interludes in the makeup room with Mick Jagger, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Kris Kristofferson and Peter Frampton. Margaux Hemingway had him written into the script of *Lipstick*, in which she played a model, so he could be her makeup man both off camera and on. Elizabeth Taylor—who

normally does her own makeup but whom Bandy prepared for a *Good Housekeeping* cover, *Harper's Bazaar* and a recent TV appearance—says of him, "He works like an artist. He mixes colors in the palm of his hand like a painter with a palette." He creates by artful, subtle shading.

"When I first saw him working," recalls editor Mellen, "I realized that here was a man who understood bone structure and had the sensitivity to draw forth the potential for beauty."

Last fall, for a six-figure sum, "which I am taking over five years for tax purposes," Bandy explained his cosmetic



Of his childhood Bandy (at age 8 here) recalls, "I was always—forever—interested in things more feminine, so naturally I related more to my mother."

techniques in a do-it-yourself manual, *Designing Your Face*. He wrote the manuscript and did the illustrations during a month's retreat in Nantucket. Eight months later, Bandy is paying the price of having produced a best-seller. He told the Seven Lively Arts Answering Service, "My life has come to the point where I have to disconnect. I just can't stand the sound of this phone ringing 24 hours a day."

Now with two unlisted phones, a manager (named simply Armand) to make appointments and a fleet of lawyers to negotiate contracts, Bandy is still swamped. Armand gets nearly 100 calls a day. Such demand puts Way in the uncomfortable position of having to pick and choose, and he has been unable, for instance, to accommodate Joan Kennedy, Happy Rockefeller or Liza Minnelli. He did find time for New Jersey Congresswoman Millicent Fenwick, 68. "She ought to be President," Bandy says.

Way Bandy was born again, in a manner of speaking, on March 2, 1967 in Christine Valmy's makeup school in New York City. "The name just came into my consciousness. I felt compelled to become Way Bandy. I believe my life is charmed." Later he changed his appearance as well through extensive plastic surgery—nose job, temporal lift (with the incision in his hairline) and caps on his teeth.

The first time around, he was born

on Aug. 9 in Birmingham, Ala. "I will not reveal the year," he says, like a recorded announcement, "but I am past 35 and not yet 45." (Some estimates castily range up to 55.) He will not give his real name nor many details of his growing up. His father and grandfather worked for the Southern Railroad. "They liked to do the traditional masculine things—fishing, hunting, baseball," he remembers, "but I was not interested at all." His older brother is a retired Navy man. A younger brother works for Kodak. "From the earliest moment I can remember," Bandy says, "I was different. A strange member of a traditional middle-class family. My mother taught me how to sew, gave me piano lessons and even bought me baby dolls." His father drew the line at ballet.

In rural Alabama and later in Tennessee, Bandy enjoyed wandering out into the countryside and dreaming. "My mother had a friend who used to sneak movie magazines to me." He loved the glamorous faces—Betty Grable, Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe—and began painting their portraits. "I would make them up the way I thought they should look," he recalls. "That's how I learned about cosmetics—it's a direct outgrowth of my painting."

In high school he was voted "best dressed, most talented and biggest flirt." He was a fraternity man at Birmingham-Southern College ("I was always the last to leave a party"), but after two years dropped out for a job as a model in a department store. When conflicts at home grew, he went to a small college in Athens, Tenn. and got a teaching certificate. He also collapsed from advanced bronchial pneumonia, an illness that triggered his obsession with nutrition.

He married, taught elementary and then high school English in Tennessee and Maryland for seven years. "I hated it," he says. In the summer of 1965 he and his wife visited New York City. "The minute we arrived I knew I would never go back to my former life. This was a new beginning." His wife went home. They are still not divorced.

His rise in the highly competitive beauty field was meteoric. Just months after enrolling at Valmy he took over the salon. His sessions were inspired. Word spread. By 1969 he had become makeup director for Charles of the Ritz. A few weeks later he was asked to make up the cover model for *Town & Country*. By 1970 Broadway beckoned, and he was hired to transform the cast

Bio CONTINUED

of *No, No, Nanette*. The next year he hung out his shingle: "Free-lance face designer."

For weeks Bandy has been committed to a 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. shooting for Helena Rubinstein. Then *Vogue* calls. The editor describes what "could be the picture of the century" for the June issue: four top models who reflect feminine beauty in the 1970s. There isn't any time in his schedule, but Bandy agrees—provided *Vogue* will do the shooting at night. He scrambles his calendar to clear the hours between 5:30 p.m. and 2 a.m.

Bandy arrives at photographer Richard Avedon's studio in a custom-made raincoat and moccasins from L. L. Bean. He disappears into the dressing room, pulls a blue plastic thermos of Cloroxed carrot juice from his satchel and tosses down nine pills (vitamins E, C, B-complex, B-15, multiple, minerals). His brown eyes, which appear to be softly outlined in brown pencil ("I do not wear makeup," he says), are glazed with fatigue. He brushes his brown hair—without a trace of gray—in sweeping strokes to encourage circulation. His blousy custom white shirt hangs per-



Decorator Billy Baldwin, Bandy, roommate Michael Gardine and friend Inez Hutton share an evening at the Isle of Capri.

fectly on his 140-pound, six-foot figure. ("I like myself better at 137.")

"I only wear black and white," he explains. "Recently, though, I've been moving toward red." Last year he spent more than \$5,000 on clothes. "But I don't have a big wardrobe because I make a lot of mistakes. I'm constantly eliminating . . ."

In the dressing room Bandy is all congenial efficiency. Roseanne Vela, an angelic blond cover girl and lady of art-

ist Peter Max, sits at the makeup table. Bandy recommends the TV series *Count Dracula* to her, the other models and hairstylist Harry King. "It's one of the best things I have ever seen in my life," he says in his faded Southern accent. Bandy keeps chatting to relax the women. "I mean, my teeth are growing since seeing it." He thrusts his

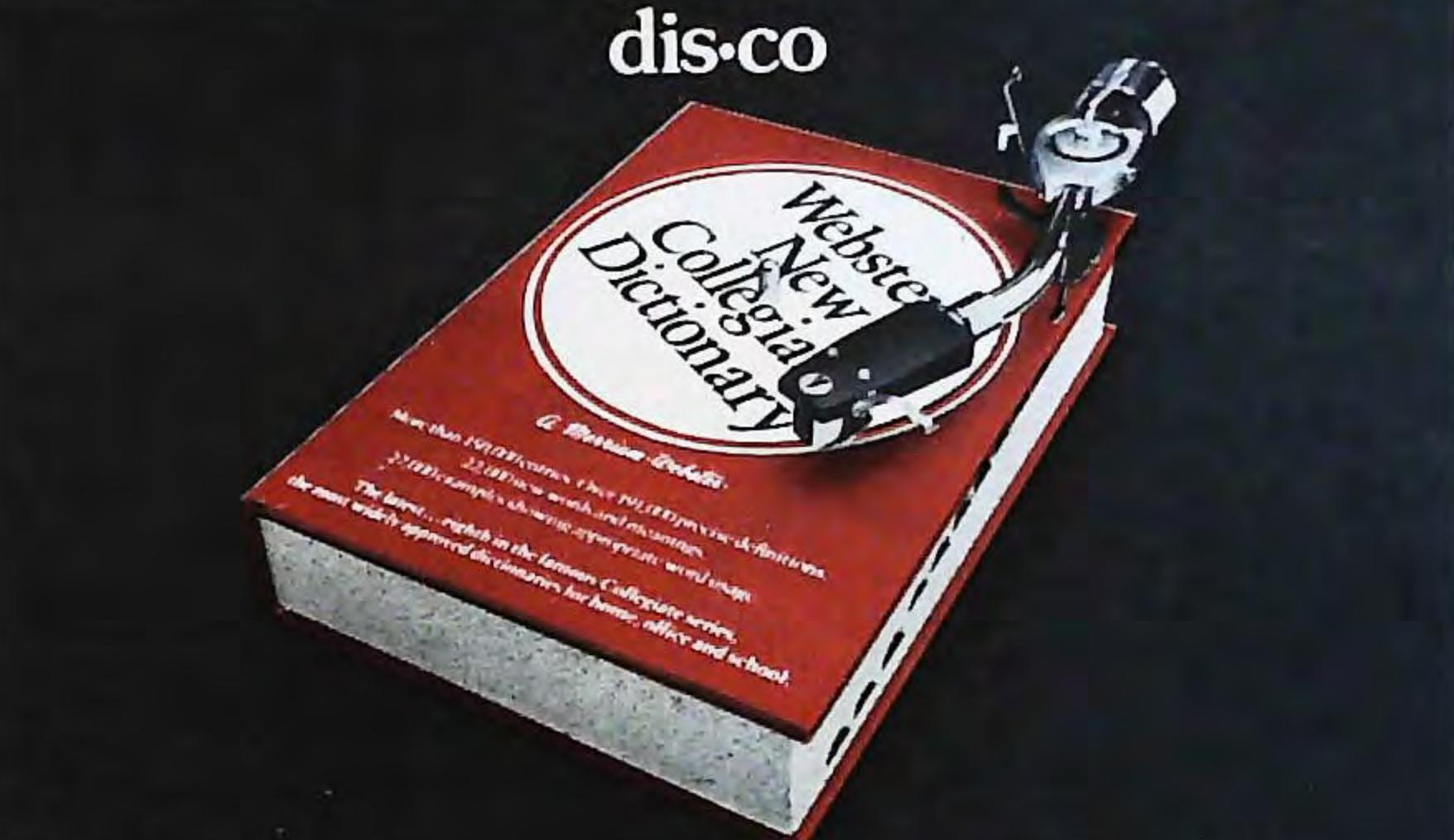
chin forward and opens his mouth. "I'm a vegetarian—imagine what it would do to my life to turn into a vampire!"

Vela tilts her chin, closes her eyes and Bandy sprays mineral water over her face. With two tissues, working simultaneously on each cheek, he dries her face. He pauses to peel some skin from her nose and plucks her eyebrows. His concentration shows in his slightly flared nostrils.

"Nobody can figure out the schedule of *Dracula*," he rattles on, beginning to mix different colors in his palm. He massages the colors into her skin with his fingers, gently.

"Is she getting gorgeous?" Avedon asks as he breezes through the dressing room. "We're moving," Bandy says. The tension settles in his jaw.

An hour and 15 minutes later he is looking into the eyes of another mod-



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"Nobody can figure out the schedule of *Dracula*," he rattles on, beginning to mix different colors in his palm. He massages the colors into her skin with his fingers, gently.

"Is she getting gorgeous?" Avedon asks as he breezes through the dressing room. "We're moving," Bandy says. The tension settles in his jaw.

An hour and 15 minutes later he is looking into the eyes of another model, René Russo, a close personal friend and convert to vegetarianism. "I'm leaving it up to you, Bandy," she cracks. Whispering, he caresses her skin with foundation. "First mistake!" she says, challenging the color of the foundation. He ignores her. "Practically nothing," he soothes. Next he moves to soften her brows. "I know they look like two slashes," René complains, "but I like those slashes on this face." He persists in taming their color and shape. "Oh, I really hate them like this, Way," she moans. It doesn't faze him. He follows his instincts and chats about their diets.

By 1 a.m. he has finished the four models' faces, and they are in the studio being photographed. In the background the *Saturday Night Fever* sound track blasts forth. Alone in the dressing room for the first time, Bandy

CONTINUED

Shelley Hack, Revlon's "Charlie Girl," gets the Bandy treatment for TV. He used 15 different facial colors.



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Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planter's Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon or lime, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

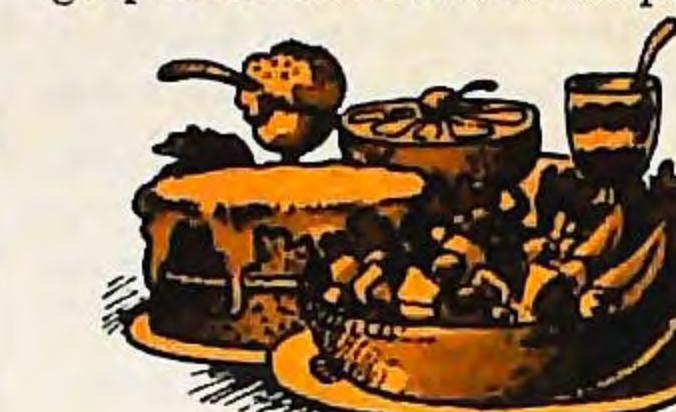


Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

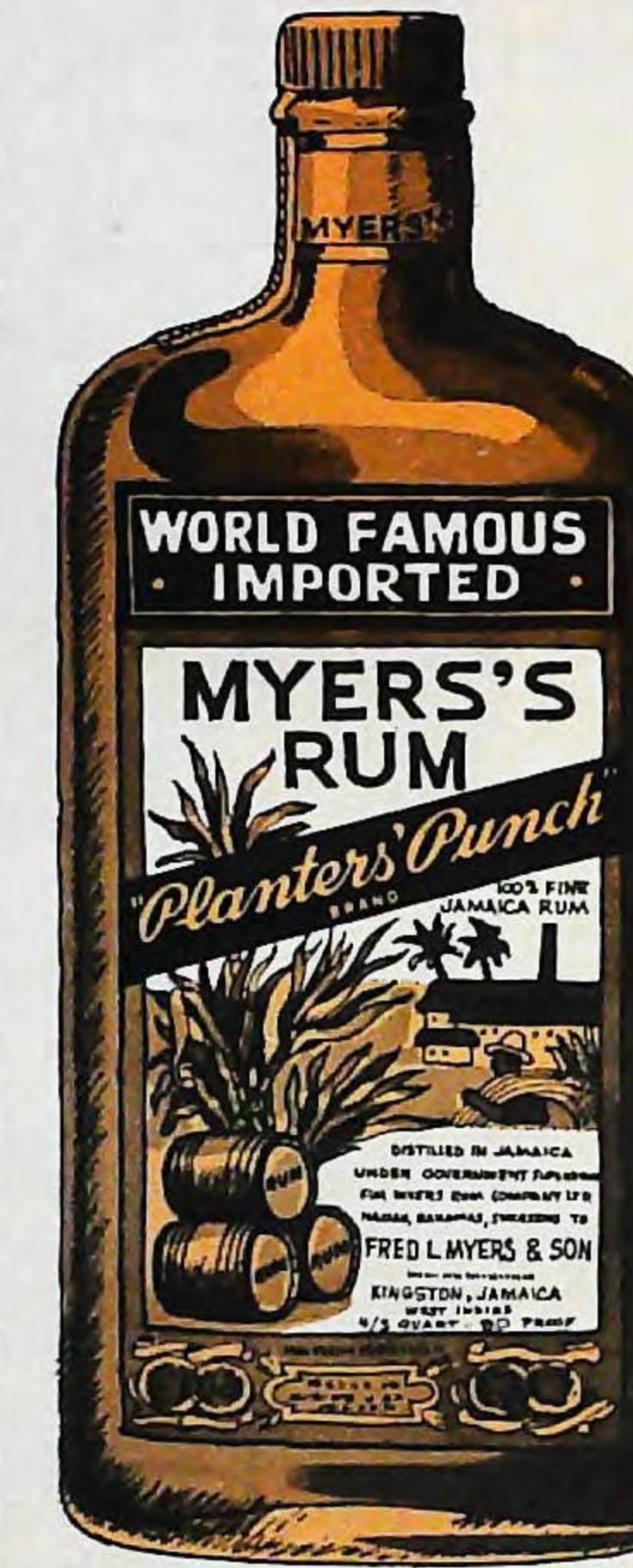
Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

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BIO CONTINUED

sips carrot juice and closes his eyes. At 1:15 Avedon shouts for more powder. Bandy rushes in to touch up shiny noses.

Although his annual income is more than \$100,000 and he has houses in Nantucket and Key West, Bandy's New York apartment, all white and black, is remarkably unchic. There are no pictures on the walls, and the living room wall has a large water stain.

He shares his quarters with Michael Gardine, a writer, antique dealer and chain smoker. They met at a nightclub four and a half years ago. Gardine has no use for Bandy's strict diet; he's a Kentucky Fried Chicken man himself. The two of them are straight out of *The Odd Couple*. Bandy is Felix.

Last October Bandy decided to get away. In a chauffeured limousine he was driven on a pilgrimage to New Mexico to seek an audience with the woman he considers the most beautiful in the world. "She believes so much in her own spirit that her physical being has taken on the exaltation of her soul," he says. "She also has her own organic vegetable garden



—and you know how that grabs me." When he reached her doorstep, the 90-year-old artist's sister, Claudia, expressed regrets and turned Bandy away. He sighs. "Georgia O'Keeffe had a cold that day."

BARBARA ROWES

Although Bandy is the darling of jet setters, he remains a homebody, ending his day with a book and a dog named Smudge.

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SHARP



STAR TRACKS

Johnny takes off ▲

For his \$2.5 million a year, the highest paid performer on the tube rarely musses his Johnny Carson suits. But occasionally he takes a flier. Several years ago he plopped from a plane in a skydiving exhibit. And lately he got a charge out of simulating a scene from a war movie. Coached by special effects stunt man Dennis Madalone, Carson took cover in a sandbagged "trench" and was blown 12 feet out by an air blast contraption. As his fans expected, Johnny came marching safely home.

Collaring Allen

"I can't remember why I was throttling poor Woody," says fashion arbiter Diana Vreeland, but she probably wasn't putting the squeeze on him for one of her Metropolitan Museum costume exhibits. Allen—out of uniform as ever in plaids and chinos—met her at a black-tie fete to honor *New Yorker*



cartoonist Saul Steinberg. On hand, too, were humorist S. J. Perelman and novelist Kurt Vonnegut Jr., who sometimes also find themselves in the jugular vein.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73



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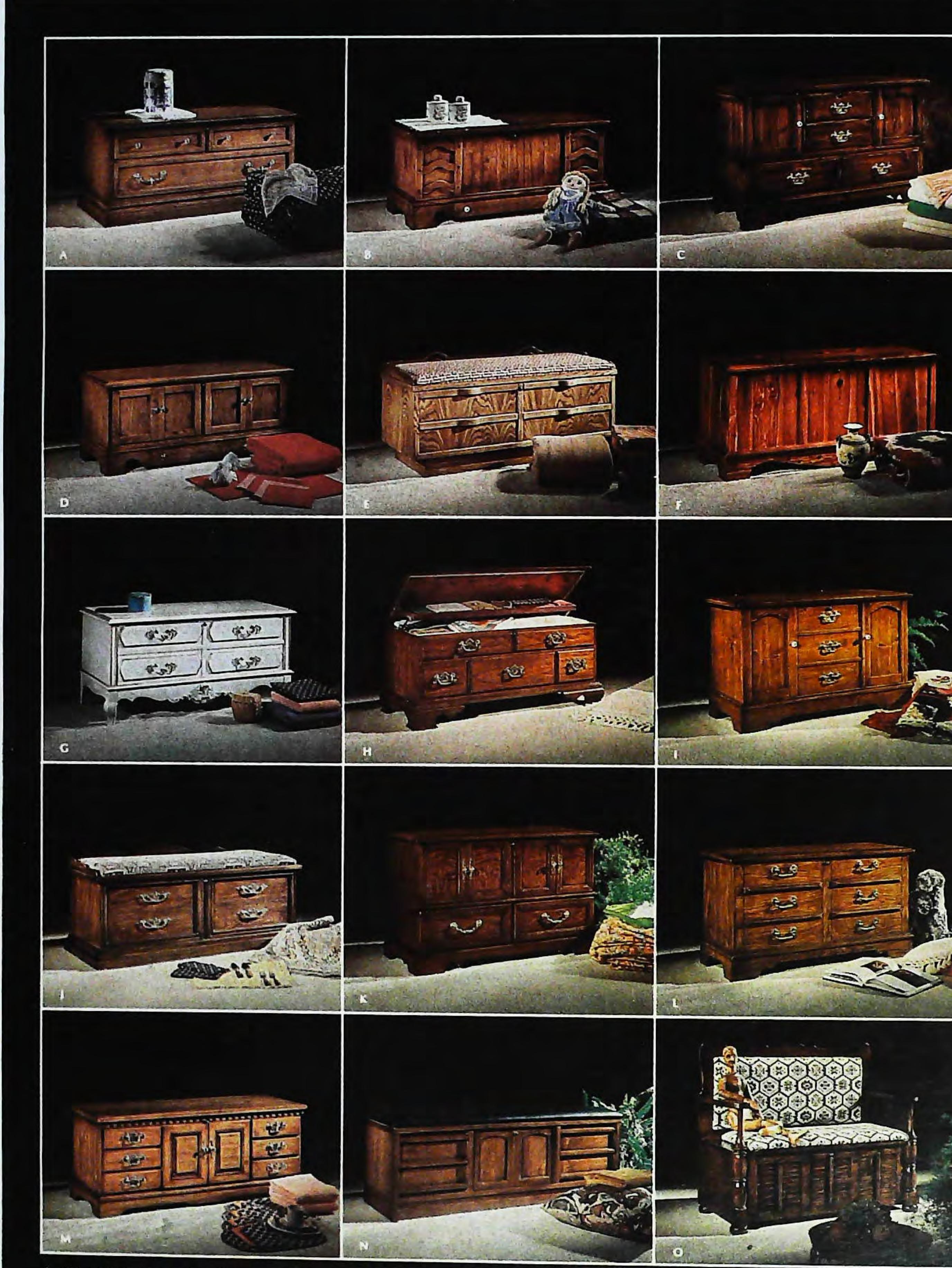
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Star Tracks CONTINUED

Sacha gets his kicks ▶

Sacha Distel, 45, the French guitarist whom Brigitte Bardot plucked out of obscurity in the '50s, has been taping a BBC show in England that might as well have been, but wasn't, titled the Wild Wild World of Animals. Among other stunts, Distel rode an unbroken donkey and refereed a sparring match between a kangaroo and a clown. That should have taught Sacha that some Aussies hit below the belt, but unable to resist a challenge, he agreed to an off-camera bout. With a swift kick down under, the kangaroo won paws down.



Paul's in the bread ▶

Wings' new single, *With a Little Luck*, isn't the only thing on the rise in the Paul McCartney household. It turns out that wife Linda, who toasted herself as "cook of the house" in a recent Wings album, isn't exclusively that. Paul lends a much-needed hand (they have just one servant) by baking the breakfast bread in their Mull of Kintyre homestead in Scotland. He also burps and diapers James Louis, 8 months old. Could Paul be crooning to his babe, "Will you need me, will you feed me when I'm 64?"



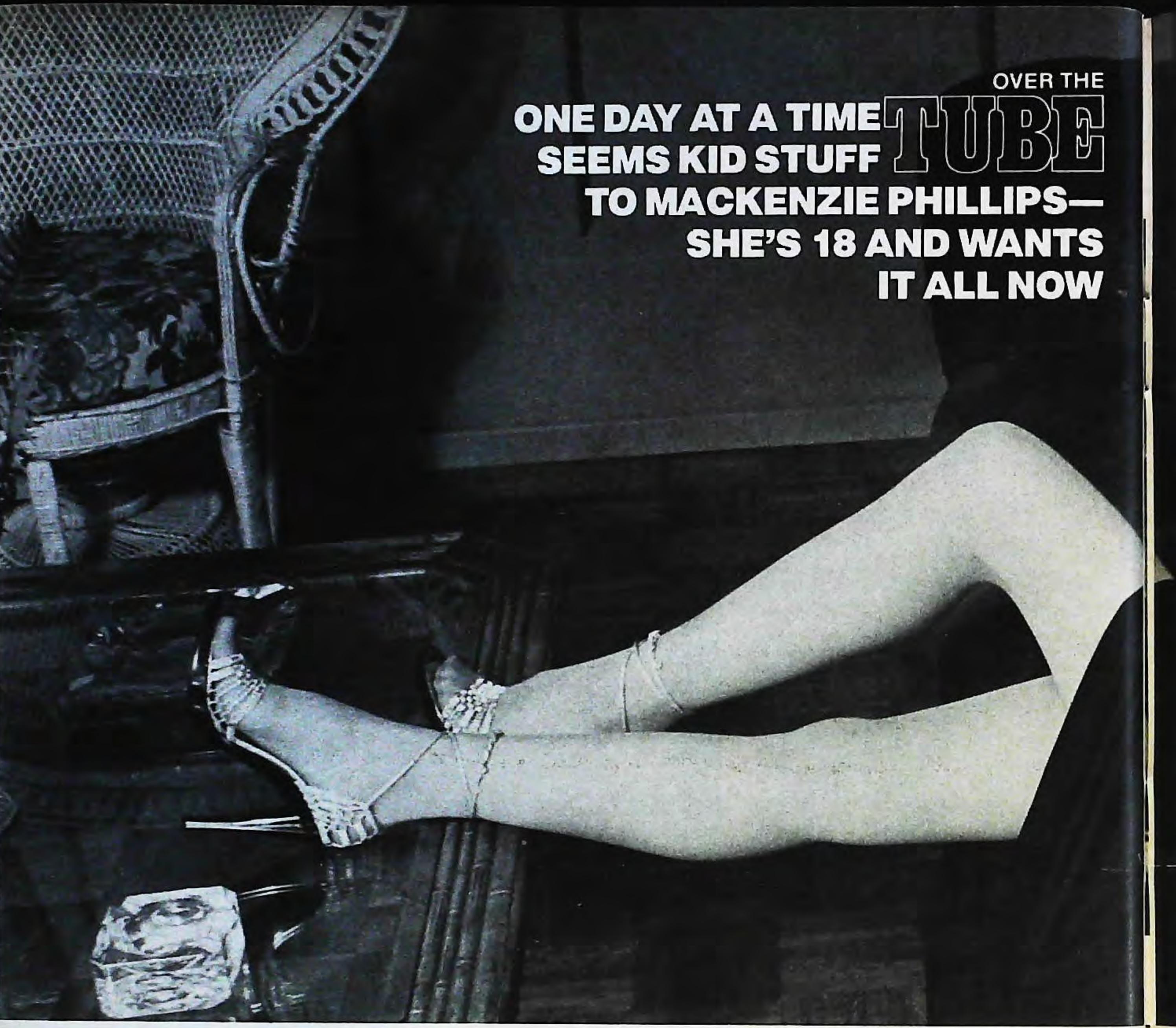
Ryan's daughter ▹

At 14, Tatum O'Neal gets her first screen kiss—delivered by 22-year-old Jeffrey Byron in *International Velvet*—and she's also been keeping fast company at Manhattan's Studio 54. One evening she arrived with Dad (who's in town shooting the *Love Story* sequel, *Oliver's Story*) and his date, model Barbara Allen. But when Ryan went home to bed, Tatum was just getting in *The Act*, boogeying with members of the Broadway cast. So she stayed and soon was playing with the house strobes and gaining perhaps more of the light than pal Liza Minnelli might have liked.



Thatcher's dog day ▲

With the British general elections drawing nigh, Tory party leader Margaret Thatcher has been looking for ways to bump up her popularity. On one of her "walkabouts" among the common folk, she pulled the votes of some animal lovers by doggedly holding fast to a mongrel named Jason. Just days before Jason had jumped into the Thames—and the campaign. Thatcher's secretary, Matthew Parris, had rescued him from drowning, stripping to his skivvies and leaping into the river. Such devotion has been unknown since Rosemary Woods.



OVER THE
**ONE DAY AT A TIME TUBE
SEEMS KID STUFF TO MACKENZIE PHILLIPS—
SHE'S 18 AND WANTS IT ALL NOW**

Free at last!" whoops Mackenzie Phillips. "Now I can do what I want when I want." That includes buying her own \$150,000 bachelor girl pad atop Laurel Canyon. Her 18th birthday present to herself when all that liberation began (Nov. 10, 1977) was a shocking-red Mercedes 450 SL convertible. And what other high school senior took a vacation to Tahiti after wrapping her third TV season? Sure, the CBS series that bought that freedom is titled *One Day at a Time* and preaches a more patient and prudent coming-of-age. But Mackenzie has been edging toward the fast lane virtually from kindergarten, when she was tagging along with the Mamas and the Papas, the formative '60s folk-rockers founded by her dad, John Phillips.

Though her protective Aunt Rosemary Throckmorton (John's sister), with

whom she lived more recently, long forbade dating, Mackenzie is now a girl-about-town with a married man almost twice her age. He's Peter Asher, 33, the Grammy-winning superproducer (Linda Ronstadt, James Taylor), who is separated from his wife, Betsy. Another sign of Mackenzie's rebellious passage is that she's already had a drug bust. An early wine drinker and heavy smoker since 14, she was found last November semiconscious on a West Hollywood street and was arrested for disorderly conduct under the influence of drugs or alcohol. (The DA said they also found a small trace of cocaine in a straw.) It's a bum rap, by Mackenzie's account. At a party "Some guy came up to me and said, 'Here, take this. It'll make you feel better.' Like a stupid, dumb shit, I took it. It was a Quaalude. I'd never taken one

That gawky kid, Mackenzie Phillips, has turned sophisticated lady with a romance with a married man and a drug rap.

before. My knees were like jelly. I asked the guy to take me to a coffeeshop, but I fell over just when a deputy came by. So they took me in." She's on six months' probation requiring her to see the same psychotherapist she'd been seeing eight months anyway. "It's called diversion therapy," Mackenzie says. "And I'm happily diverted."

That Mackenzie is grappling with her problems is heartening enough after her dislocated showbiz upbringing. The long-term influence of Papa John clearly overshadowed that of her mother, Baltimore socialite and ex-ballerina Susan Adams, now remarried to a pool manufacturer. At 5 Mackenzie, temporarily in John's custody, slept in her own pup tent on a Virgin Island



Photographs by Tony Costa

Cracks Mackenzie of TV co-star and friend Val Bertinelli: "I love her even though I wish she weren't so beautiful."

beach with the Mamas and Papas. Her stepmother then, and still a confidante, is the mercurial actress-singer Michelle (Valentino) Phillips.

Mackenzie had determined on a showbiz career by the time she was 10, and two years later with three boys from school, she organized a singing group and played L.A.'s Troubadour on an amateur night. There she was caught by a talent scout for producer-director Francis Ford Coppola, who got her cast as the endearingly out-of-it string bean in George Lucas' *American Graffiti*. (She's now 5'8", 110 pounds.) Afterward, Papa John protected Mackenzie from star-tripping by packing her off to summer school in Switzerland. In her early teens, he re-

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Tube CONTINUED

members, "she was the wildest kid on earth." (It was at 12 that she had that star tattooed on her left wrist.)

If her TV role of big sister Julie may seem a little backward, Mackenzie isn't griping. Her CBS mom, Bonnie Franklin, calls her a "terrific" pro to work with, but the producers hear from Mackenzie when she thinks the scripts are out of character, "because they come up with some pretty weird things that I just wouldn't say." Her main contact with her own age group is the Hollywood Professional School, which she attends 8:30 to 12:30 weekdays with *One Day* co-star Valerie Bertinelli. "We raise hell," says Phillips, "because it's such a bore and really an ugly school." Aside from her twice-weekly maid, Mackenzie now shares her house with her cat, Brains, and two boa constrictors left behind when her big brother Jeff Phillips, 20, moved out to become a recording engineer. "He's so gross," Mackenzie walls of Jeff's habit of naming the live rats he feeds to his reptiles. "He'll say, 'Goodbye, Samantha, it was nice knowing you,' and drop the rat down the snake's throat."

Ahead, Mackenzie is plotting more movies and a return to singing. Her producer is not Asher but her dad, now 43 and composing some cuts for Mackenzie while beginning a comeback of his own. ("She's become so stable, so together, I can't believe it," Phillips marvels.) Marriage? "I've got a lot to do before I think about that," says Mackenzie. "I don't think I want kids," she adds, with the authority of someone who was briefly one herself. "I don't think I like kids."

ROBERT WINDELER

"I wouldn't go so far as to say we're in love," she says of Oscar escort Peter Asher. The show, she sasses, "was bor-ing."



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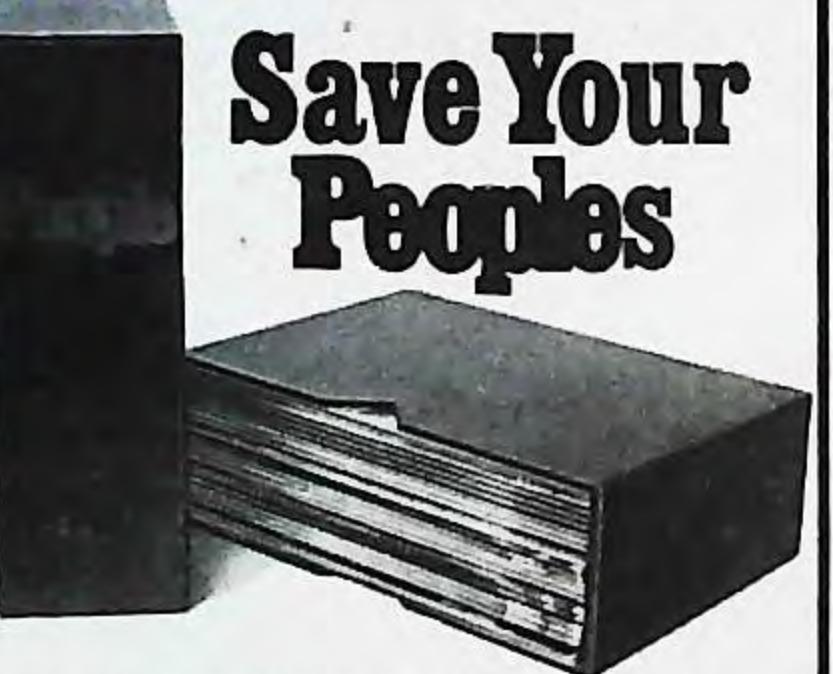


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What Cataldo, 52, devised in his garage workshop in La Canada, Calif., was a one-ounce gadget called Microlert that dangles from his mother's neck. Now, should assistance become necessary, she can press the pendant and a prerecorded telephone message will alert the local emergency number: "There is a medical emergency at the residence of Teresa Cataldo at 532 Metropolitan Avenue..." Similar directives are relayed to her doctor and her closest relative. Mrs. Cataldo is not the only beneficiary of Tom's wizardry. The system is being used by 3,000 people, including the inventor, who last spring suffered a mild coronary.

Prodigy son of a Boston insurance man, Tom enrolled in MIT at 15 and while there worked on the development of radar and the long-range navigation system. On graduating he married his college sweetheart, Kay Corey. Eventually he became an executive of Electronic Specialty, Inc., suppliers of aerospace equipment, only to quit in 1973 as he became increasingly obsessed with his lifesaving project. For a prototype, he experimented with variations of a burglar alarm he once rigged up to safeguard his home. The electronics were a snap —when the battery-operated gadget is squeezed it sets off a radio frequency which, in turn, dials a series of preprogrammed phone numbers.

But the hang-up was Ma Bell. Microlert can plug into any telephone jack, but its use on unleased lines was illegal. So Cataldo gambled his career savings and approached bankruptcy to fight the nation's 1,600 telephone companies for access to their lines. "My life-style went from up to down to very down," he notes, "and it damn near cost me a wonderful marriage." But after an 18-month battle the FCC ruled in his favor, and he is now working on profitable adaptations for fire or crime-alarm systems.

Microlerts are already being rented (for up to \$20 a month) or sold (up to \$995). "Just think," Cataldo muses, "if Elvis had had a Microlert system, he'd be alive today."

SUZY KALTER



Cataldo displays his Microlert breakthrough: a credit-card-size pendant to trigger an alarm and SOS phone calls.

One day soon—perhaps this week—a skinny, 5'3" Japanese superman will stand on top of the world, the first human being ever to reach the North Pole alone. For Naomi Uemura, 37, the incredible achievement is just another mission accomplished in a career that has made him a national hero in Japan and the greatest solo adventurer since Charles Lindbergh.

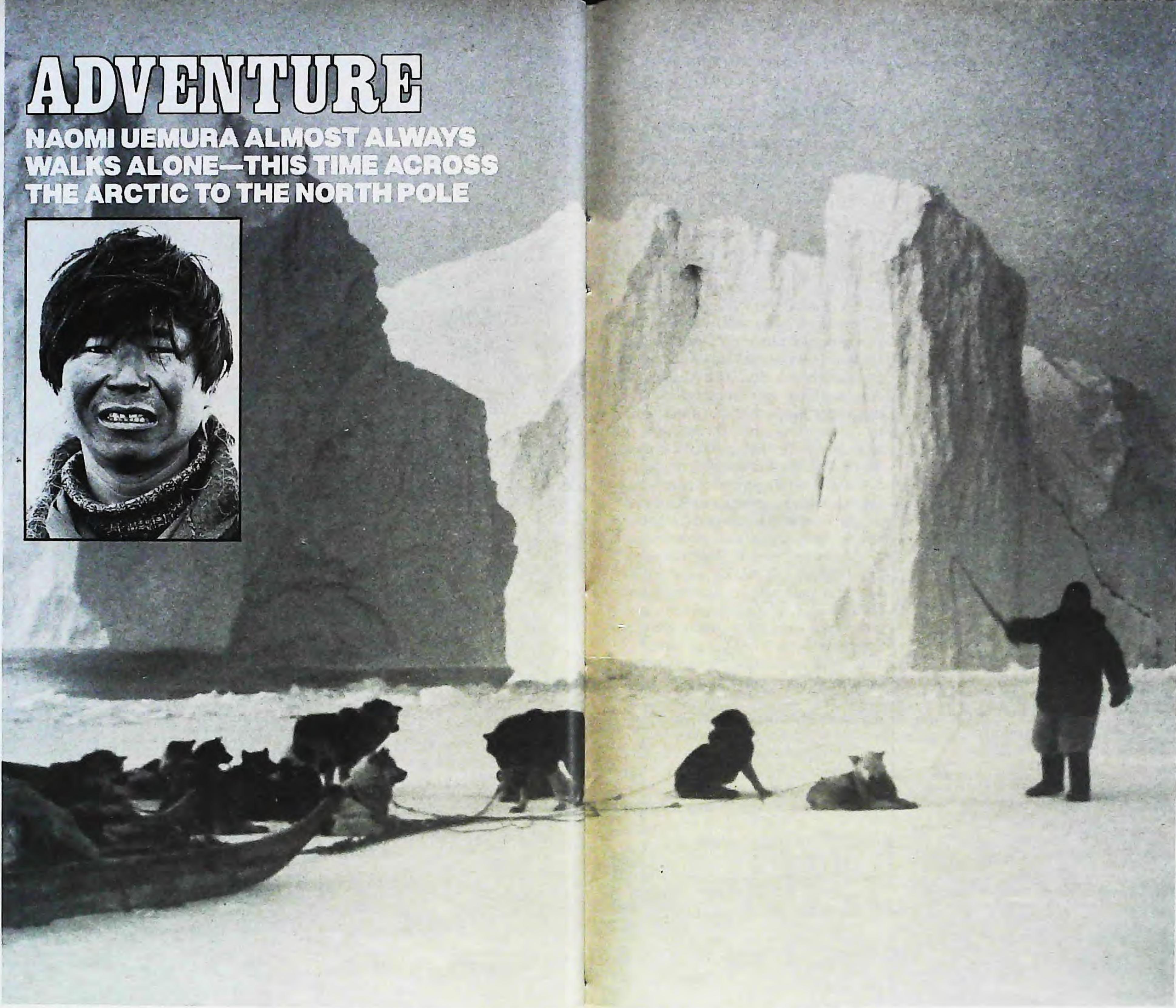
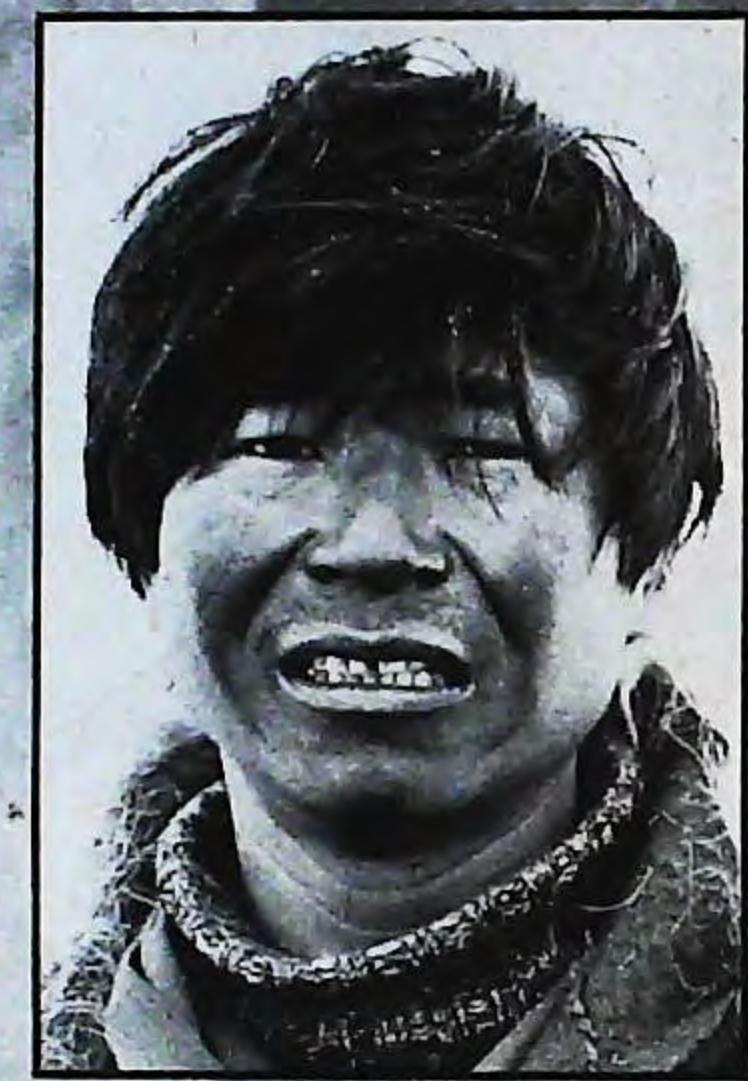
In the past 12 years Uemura has made his lonely way to the top of the highest mountain in Europe (Mount Elbrus, 18,481 feet), Africa (Kilimanjaro, 19,340 feet), South America (Aconcagua, 22,835 feet) and North America (McKinley, 20,320 feet). He was also the first Japanese to plant the Rising Sun on Mount Everest, the world's highest peak (29,028 feet), but he is inclined to minimize that conquest because he was a member of a 39-man team. Alone, Uemura has walked the 1,750-mile length of Japan in 53 days, floated 3,728 miles down the Amazon River on a raft in two months ("pure bliss," he says), and, as a warm-up for the North Pole trek, mushed by dog sledge 7,452 miles across the Arctic Circle from Greenland to Alaska in two stages and 363 days. Upon arrival Uemura told an Eskimo, "I've come from Greenland." The man was puzzled. "Where's Greenland?" he asked.

Uemura's 500-mile journey to the pole began on March 5, when he set out with 19 dogs from Cape Columbia on Canada's Ellesmere Island. In 10 days he managed to cover only 10 miles because of ice formations. Then his pace quickened. Airplane drops, costing \$10,000 each, have kept him supplied with seal and caribou meat for himself (there is little game in the area) and Ralston Purina chow for his team. (It's one of his sponsors.) Uemura has a battery-powered unit on his dog sledge that transmits his exact location once a minute to NASA's Nimbus-6 satellite orbiting 600 miles overhead. He is in regular radio contact with his base camp on Ellesmere Island. So far he has not called for help, not even when a polar bear raided his camp four days out, eating all the dog food, destroying his tent and ripping up his sleeping bag. Uemura was in it during the attack. When the bear returned the following night, Uemura shot it and fed the carcass to the hungry dogs. Canadian authorities had advised him against eating the meat himself without boiling it thoroughly because of the danger of trichinosis.

Another day six dogs fell through the

ADVENTURE

NAOMI UEMURA ALMOST ALWAYS WALKS ALONE—THIS TIME ACROSS THE ARCTIC TO THE NORTH POLE



Photographs by Bungei Shunju

ice. Uemura, risking his life, managed to drag them out and pat them dry with his layered wool-and-fur mittens before they froze to death. The temperature averages 33° below zero. Four of the dogs proved to be fighters and had to be allowed to run free. They returned to the team each night to be fed. Earlier this month 11 new dogs were airlifted in and 13, including

two newborn puppies, were evacuated. The airlifts are troublesome: When a plane is unable to land on skis, the supplies are parachuted in and Uemura must chase around and retrieve them.

Because of the cold, Uemura tucks his radio batteries into a special pouch under his arm to maintain their charge. Often he has to climb pressure ridges

more than 30 feet high. He unloads, backpacks his supplies over the ridge and then pulls the dogs and sledge over. In one stretch these ridges occurred every 55 feet. Water is scarce and must be melted on a kerosene stove; Uemura eats all his food uncooked. Baths are out of the question and even the exposure involved in going to the bathroom is perilous. "I've

learned to do it in 10 seconds flat," says Naomi.

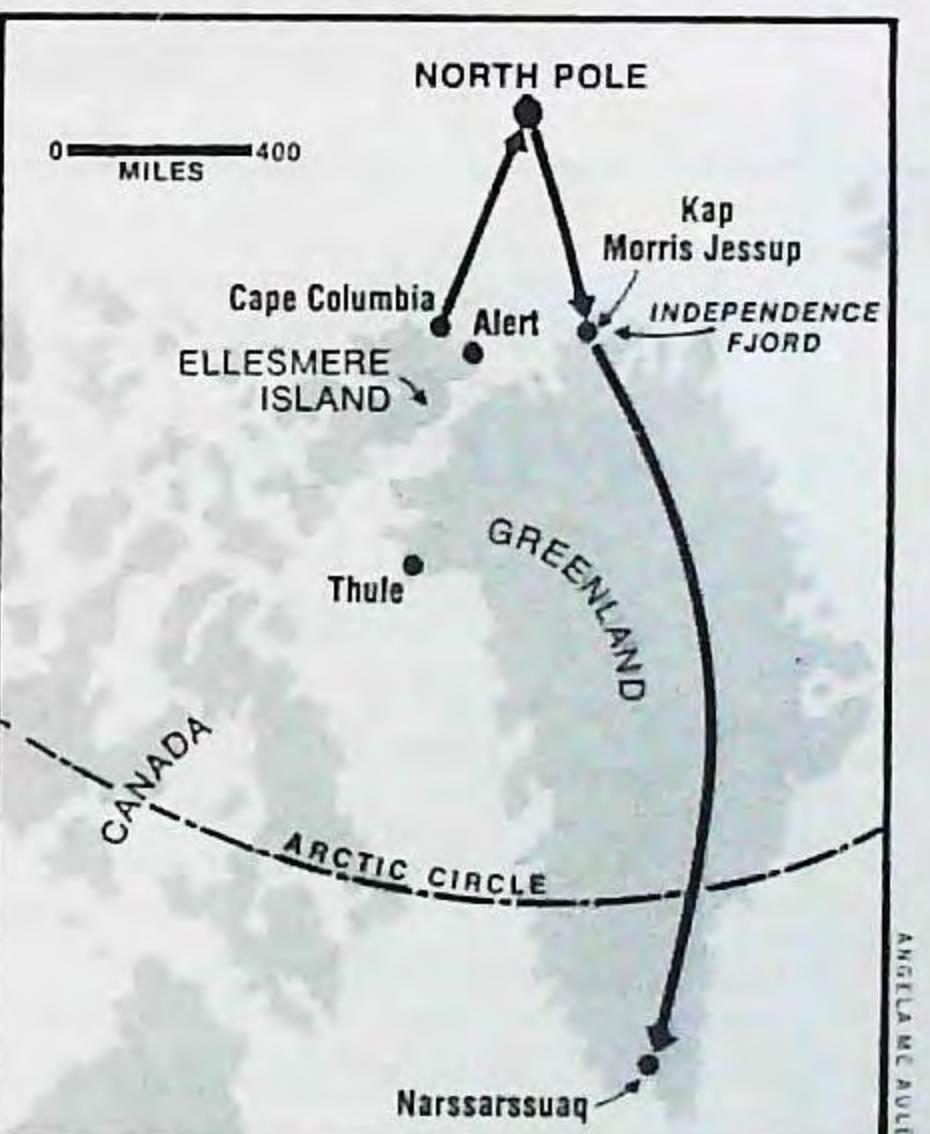
Uemura is gathering evidence about air pollution and weather and taking ice and snow samples for the Smithsonian Institution and for research institutes in Japan. Actually, his work has barely begun—he is on a six-month trek and will be turning south across the polar ice cap to Greenland and then down

Having led a team to the top of Everest, Naomi downplayed the feat. "I loathe testing myself in front of others," he said.



NAOMI UEMURA

The intrepid Naomi will rest a couple of days at the pole, then press on for four more months to Narssarssuaq (see map).



In a dress rehearsal Uemura (inset) trekked through similar terrain from Greenland to Alaska in '76.

the length of that vast empty land. He expects to arrive at its southern tip in August, after scaling the 9,843-foot Greenland ice plateau. At times he will use ice-sailing techniques to speed him on his way. In northern Greenland he will keep his eye out for evidence of a prehistoric culture. In all, the Uemura expedition will cover 3,700 miles at a cost of \$410,000, most of it supplied

CONTINUED

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People

Wife Kimiko, a teacher of calligraphy, greets Naomi in Kotzebue, Alaska at the end of his first Arctic trip.

Adventure CONTINUED
by Japanese newspapers, corporations and individual donors.

He reports feeling depressed occasionally, but fights the Arctic blues by studying a list of friends printed on a canvas bag at the end of his sledge. "They are not financial backers, just people who wish him well," says Lee Houchins of the Smithsonian, who is working on the polar project. Meanwhile Uemura's wife, Kimiko, waits in Tokyo and prays. A 41-year-old calligrapher, she has spent less than half her four years of marriage with her husband and is resigned. "He is among the most stubborn men on earth," she declares, "and among the most bashful." Uemura himself explains away his enthusiasms by saying, "Out there on the rocks, I feel exceedingly happy."

The sixth and youngest son of a rice farmer, he took up mountain climbing as a student at Meiji University, not with any dreams of glory but with the idea of "improving my skinny appearance." Later he decided that he was "not fit for the social process" of densely populated Japan, and a year after graduation went off to climb his first alp—France's 15,771-foot Mont Blanc. That climb was almost his last when he fell into a deep, snow-covered crevasse, but such narrow escapes only whet his appetite for more. Naomi already has his sights set on the next world to conquer alone, after the Arctic adventure is over. The South Pole, of course.

GEORGE JAMISON and S. CHANG



People

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<input type="checkbox"/> Colombia	<input type="checkbox"/> Indian (U.S.)	<input type="checkbox"/> Lebanon
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3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire

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MAY 1 IS SAVE THE CHILDREN DAY 1978

Please send me your free information packet on ways to celebrate May 1, 1978—Save the Children Day.

STEVE MARTIN'S KIDDING WHEN HE SAYS LET'S GET SMALL: HE DOESN'T DO DOPE, AND HE'S NEVER BEEN BIGGER

Hey folks, comedy is not pretty." That is one of Steve Martin's favorite recovery lines after a rare descent into black humor (like a crack about shooting his girlfriend) or, even rarer nowadays, when he's losing his audience. But comedians themselves are often not pretty. Indeed, they tend to be the most complex, perverse and thereby intriguing of entertainers. The assumption is that someone like Martin does a "Happy Feet" routine only because he's unhappy in his head.

Yet that's not necessarily so in Steve's case, though he did suffer a nervous breakdown 10 years ago and has to be more complicated than he appears. After all, he's a middle-class WASP from California's Reagan country who's moving in on the Woody Allen and Richard Pryor turf. And a prematurely gray 32-year-old in a \$600 Mark Twain white suit knocking out blue-denim and double-knit audiences. His breakthrough LP is titled *Let's Get Small* (stoned), but Martin has barely drunk even wine for several years and hasn't smoked dope in seven. He's an ex-philosophy major who dares to play lunatic. Like the night postperformance in Nashville when he led fans into a diner and demanded 274 burgers —then changed the order to one fries to go. "One time on the *Tonight Show*," Martin shrugs, "Johnny Carson leaned over during a commercial and said, 'You'll do everything you know to get a laugh.' He's right."

But yuks are what "Professional Show Business" (as Steve facetiously calls it) is all about, and his brand of nontopical, vaudevillian self-parody has put him on Carson's show 40 times (five as host) and NBC's *Saturday Night Live* five times. Last year Martin grossed more than \$1 million, made a major movie deal, struck gold and a Grammy with *Let's Get Small*—and keeps on getting bigger.



Comedy's straight arrow Steve Martin doesn't seek to be the center of attention or anything—except onstage. In his Aspen aerie, he shutters himself (and cat Dr. Forbes) against the world.

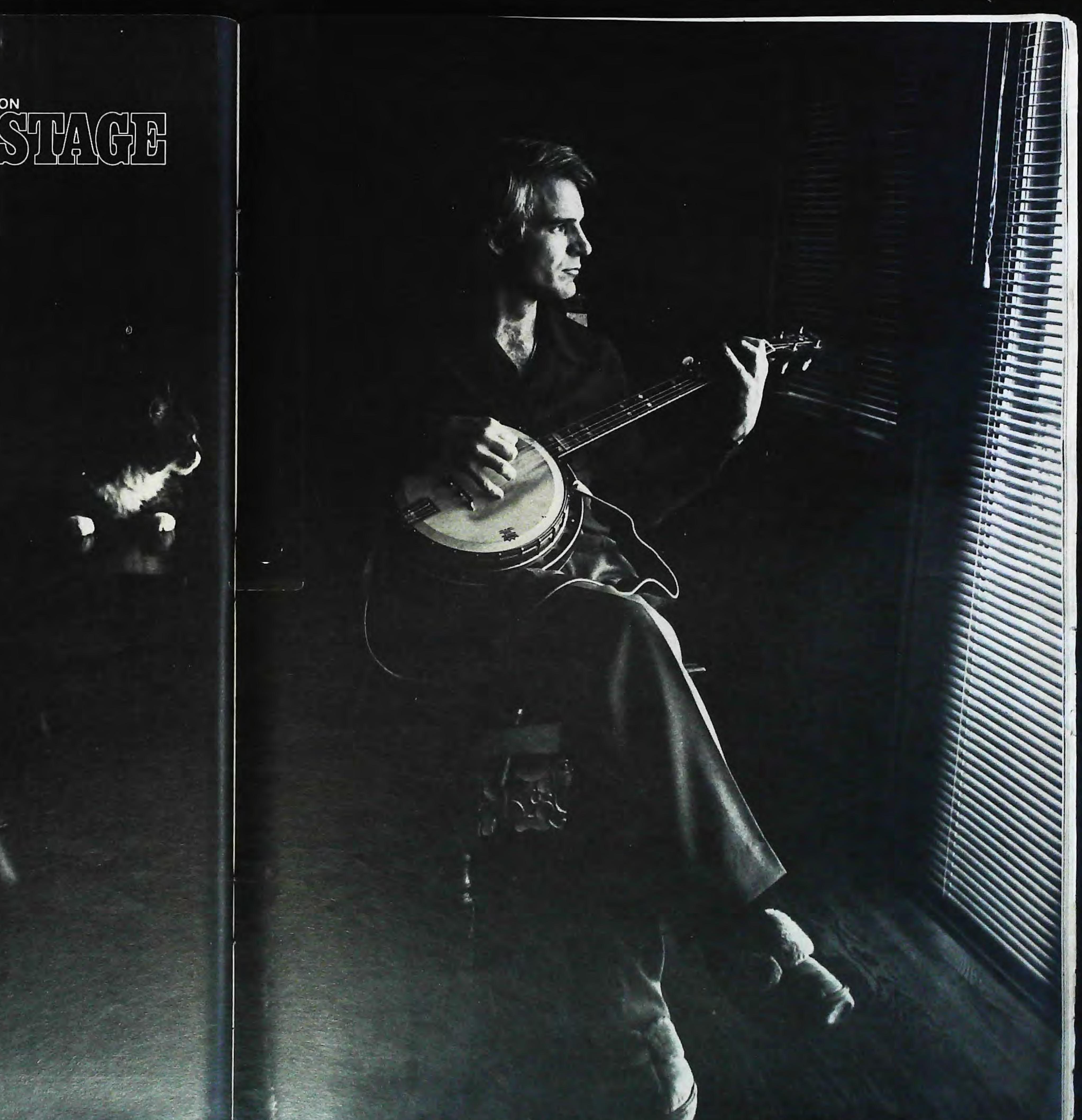
Past his comedian's angst, he maintains, "I'm much happier now that I'm successful. I can understand why people get depressed without it." These days he figures he can afford "fur-lined sinks and an electric dog polisher" and has one more reason to be happy. It's not short-time old lady Linda Ronstadt ("We just talk on the phone, and I send her tapes of Irish folk music") but Bernadette Peters, 30, star of TV's retired *All's Fair*. They've been keeping company since their mutual agent Marty Klein introduced them six months ago.

"We have been dating" is all the one-time ramblin' guy will say, but there's a whisper that they sign hotel registers

ON STAGE

HARRY BESON

CONTINUED





Steve likes "women with brains and a sense of humor," so he birthdayed Bernadette Peters in Las Vegas in February.



Saturday Night Live producer Lorne Michaels says Martin (doing his Czechoslovakian playboy act here with Dan Aykroyd) is "in a class with Tomlin and Pryor."

Stage CONTINUED

Dr. and Mrs. Forbes (one of Martin's two permanent live-in honeys is cat Dr. Carleton Forbes, the other, calico Betty). "He certainly has been in good moods since they've been going out," marvels manager and buddy Bill McEuen, who notes that Bernadette will open for Martin this June at the Vegas Riviera.

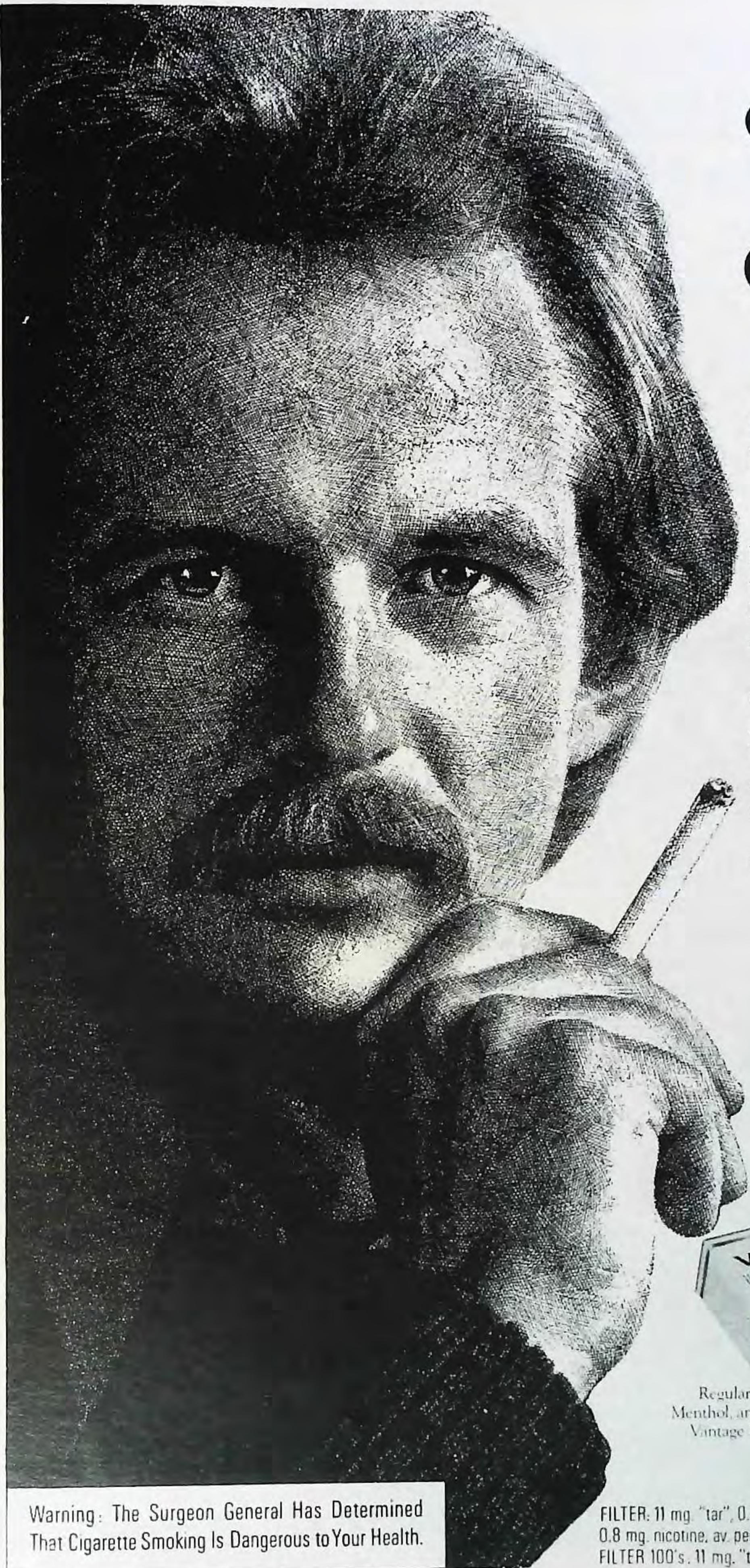
Unpredictability is the hallmark of his act, but there's no danger of a marriage onstage—or possibly anywhere else. "Steve would like to marry if the girl would leave when he felt it was time—and take a taxi home," says McEuen. "He often sits with the doors shut, totally silent, and looks at oil paintings." A dedicated collector of 19th-century American art, the comic admits this is true. "I just can't sit and bullshit," he says. "With paintings you can be safe. They don't bother you. They take the place of people sometimes."

So much for the "wild and crazy guy" Martin affects onstage. "I have to have a split personality," he explains. "I can't be 'on' all the time; I don't have that kind of ego." Indeed, in his home base of Aspen, Martin's social contacts are limited—he plays horseshoes and skis once in a while with neighbor John Denver. "The last few years haven't changed me that much," he says. "I've always been a loner." Then he cracks, "Yeah, I've always been an asshole."

In his boyhood in Garden Grove, Calif., "my whole orientation to comedy was very secret," he notes. "And now that's the premise for my act. You are laughing with a close friend at some nuance or subtlety. But you can't explain it." Certainly Martin couldn't to his family. His Realtor father and mom were unenthusiastic about his obsession with Laurel & Hardy and Red Skelton. "What they wanted," Steve recalls, "was a Glen Campbell." But at age 10 Steve began an eight-year stint at Disneyland, selling phony noses and bunny ears and understudying vaudeville-vintage magician Wally Boag. "I had mystical summer nights there," he recalls. "Fireworks, lights in the trees, a dance band playing music from the '40s..."

At 18, having switched to the rival Knott's Berry Farm, he met Stormy ("I can't remember what the last name was, but I think she's married now"), who before they parted inspired him to study philosophy at Long Beach State. His favorites proved to be "Kant for metaphysics, Sartre for ethics and Wittgenstein for leaving philosophy." As a senior Martin transferred to UCLA, changed his major to theater, began playing coffeehouses on the side and then dropped out to write for *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. He then moved on to do material for Sonny and Cher, Denver, Campbell and Dick Van Dyke. Then came the breakdown. "It started when I went from making no money to making \$1,500 a week writing for national TV. I just kinda flipped out." But never so bad that he had to be hospitalized, and it was in-

CONTINUED



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

'Why I choose to smoke'

"Why kid anyone? I smoke because I enjoy it. I'm the kind of guy who gets pleasure out of a cigarette. But I'm not deaf to what's being said about tar."

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"Why did I choose Vantage? Because I like it."

Michael Epperson

Michael Epperson
Miami, Florida



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Only one person ever walked out on a Mike Wallace interview.



He's interviewed thousands. Pianists and presidents. People in every sphere. So it says a lot about Mike Wallace that despite his vigorous (some say abrasive) style, only one interviewee ever walked out. Actor Burt Lancaster—showing his famous temper when Wallace asked him about his famous temper! Mike, whom you hear on "Mike Wallace at Large," evenings on CBS Radio, says the secret of interviewing is research. He'll come to an interview with up to 50 questions in hand. Which may be why people from Vladimir Horowitz to the Shah of Iran sit still for him. He has the facts straight.

Don't Kill The Ump. He's only 18!

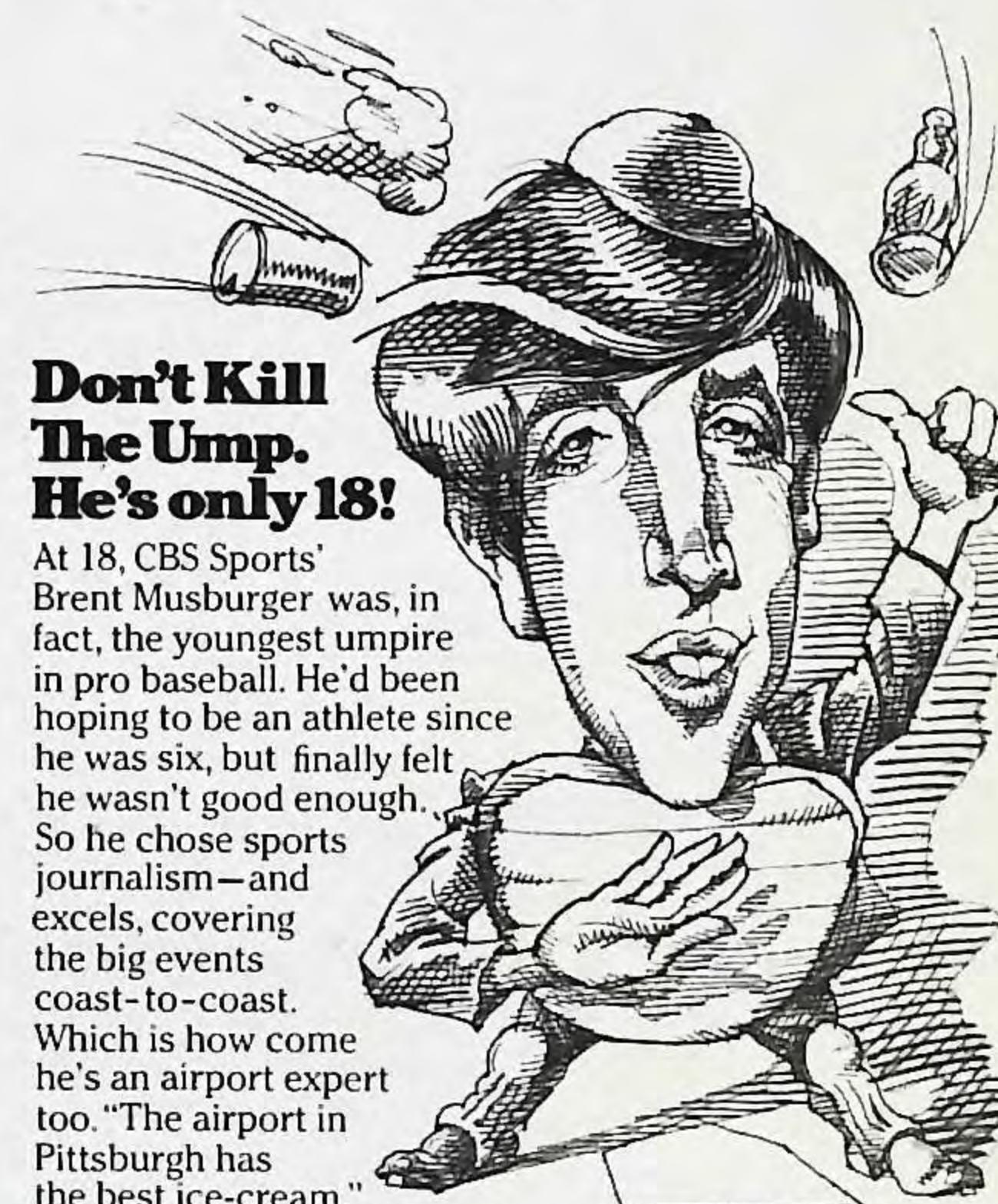
At 18, CBS Sports' Brent Musburger was, in fact, the youngest umpire in pro baseball. He'd been hoping to be an athlete since he was six, but finally felt he wasn't good enough. So he chose sports journalism—and excels, covering the big events coast-to-coast. Which is how come he's an airport expert too. "The airport in Pittsburgh has the best ice-cream," he'll tell you. "And down in Dallas, they have great chili dogs." Brent Musburger. Calling the shots for you weekday afternoons on CBS Radio's "Sportstime."

People like Mike Wallace, Brent Musburger, Ray Brady and such others as Walter Cronkite, Stephani Shelton and Douglas Edwards in our late afternoon schedule are worth listening to. But they're only part of our story. On every station affiliated with this network you find the kind of local news, sports and other features that make radio listening something more and more people are doing. For a good reason: it's worth your time.

CBS RADIO NETWORK

Should Brady Be Required Listening?

Think about this. CBS News Business Correspondent Ray Brady once wrote an analysis of the Middle East oil threat that became required reading at the National War College, where future generals go. Remarkably, it was written 15 years ago, when most people thought cheap oil would go on forever! It pays to listen to Brady. Every weekday afternoon on "Today in Business."



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Jacksonville: WJAX 930. Lake City: WDSR 1340. Melbourne: WMLN 920. Miami: WINZ 940. Orlando: WDBO 580. Panama City: WPCF 1430. Pensacola: WCOA 1370. St. Augustine: WFOY 1240. St. Petersburg: WWBA 680. Sarasota: WSPB 1450. Tallahassee: WTNT 1270. West Palm Beach: WJNO 1230. Ga.: Albany: WGPC 1450. Athens: WGAU 1340. Atlanta: WRNG 680. Augusta: WGAC 580. Brunswick: WMOG 1490. Columbus: WRCG 1420. Gainesville: WGGG 550. Macon: WMZ 940. Rome: WLAQ 1410. Savannah: WTOC 1290. Thomasville: WPAX 1240. Tifton: WTF 1340. Waycross: WAYX 1230. Hawaii: Honolulu: KHVN 990. Idaho: Boise: KAIN 1340. Idaho Falls: KID 590. III.: Champaign: WDWS 1400. Chicago: WBBM 780. Des Moines: WDAN 1490. Decatur: WSOY 1340. Peoria: WMBD 1470. Quincy: WTAD 930. Rock Island: WHBF 1270. Springfield: WTA 1240. Ind.: Anderson: WHBU 1240. Fort Wayne: WGL 1250. Indianapolis: WLWX 950. Marion: WBAT 1400. Munice: WLBC 1340. South Bend: WSBT 960. Terre Haute: WAAC 1300. Vincennes: WAOV 1450. Cedar Rapids: WMT 600. Des Moines: KRNT 1350. Mason City: KGL 1300. Ottumwa: KBIZ 1240. Kans.: Colby: KXXX 790. Garden City: KJUL 1240. Pittsburg: KSEK 1340. Topeka: WIBW 580. Wichita: KFH 1330. Ky.: Ashland: WCM 1340. Henderson: WSON 860. Hopkinsville: WHP 1230. Lexington: WLAP 630. Louisville: WHAS 840. Paducah: WPAD 1450. Paintsville: WSIP 1490. Whitesburg: WTCW 920. La.: Alexandria: KALB 580. New Orleans: WLO 870. Me.: Augusta: WFAU 1340. Calais: WQDY 1230. Ellsworth: WDEA 1370. Houlton: WHOU 1340. Lewiston: WCOU 1240. Milnocket: WMKR 1240. Portland: WLQB 1310. Md.: Baltimore: WTH 1230. Cumberland: WBCB 1270. Frederick: WFMD 930. Hagerstown: WARK 1490. Salisbury: WBDC 960. Mass.: Boston: WEI 90. Fall River: WPSR 1480. Greenfield: WHAI 1240. Leominster: WLMS 1000. Pittsfield: WBRK 1340. Springfield: Chicopee: WACE 730. Worcester: WRC 1310. Mich.: Cadillac: WWAM 1370. Detroit: WWJ 950. Escanaba: WOZ 680. Flint: WDF 910. Jackson: WJHM 970. Kalamazoo: WKZO 590. Saginaw: Bay City: WSGW 790. 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Wenatchee: KUEN 900. Walla Walla: KHT 1320. W. Va.: Beckley: WJLS 560. Charleston: WCHS 580. Fairmont: WMMN 920. Wheeling: WOMP 1290. Wis.: Green Bay: WGE 1360. Milwaukee: WIBA 1310. Milwaukee: WEMP 1250. Wausau: WYQ 1230. Wisconsin Rapids: WFHR 1320. Wyo.: Casper: KHT 1240. Lander: KOVE 1330. Sheridan: KRC 930.

Stage CONTINUED

structive. "I learned what not to do—never lie to anyone or yourself."

So Martin faced the fact that, as manager McEuen notes, "he'd always felt like a star," and decided to perform his own stuff. He began opening for rock acts, which in the early '70s wasn't easy. "Picture this moron on Quaaludes sitting in the front row like this," Martin slumps. "I'm not antidrug. Just antiblithering." At the time, of course, he had shoulder-length hair, a beard, wore turquoise jewelry and concha belts and lived in Santa Fe with a former L.A. neighbor named Iris. (That relationship lasted a couple of years.) Martin's current image was born when he decided "there's got to be order for my comedy to work, because chaos in the midst of chaos isn't funny, but chaos in the midst of order is." He began opening for the likes of Ann-Margret and it's been three years since he's worn jeans onstage or off.

Now Steve has the chance to do "the one thing I've always wanted—make good funny movies." He will write and star in two films for Universal, the first a rags-to-riches-to-rags comedy, *Easy Money*; the second, *White Man's Vacation*, a spoof travelogue. A role as the villainous Dr. Maxwell Edison in the upcoming *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is completed, and George (Star Wars) Lucas has signed him to star in a whimsical mystery *Radioland*.

Murders. Martin also has a two-special deal with NBC, and Warner has contracted for six LPs. He's also written a limited-edition collection of short stories; called *Cruel Shoes*, it quickly sold out and may be picked up by a major publisher. Not that he's a workaholic. "I want to set myself up so that I don't have to work," he declares, "to protect my future so I don't have to take any shit."

To this end he's "conservative with

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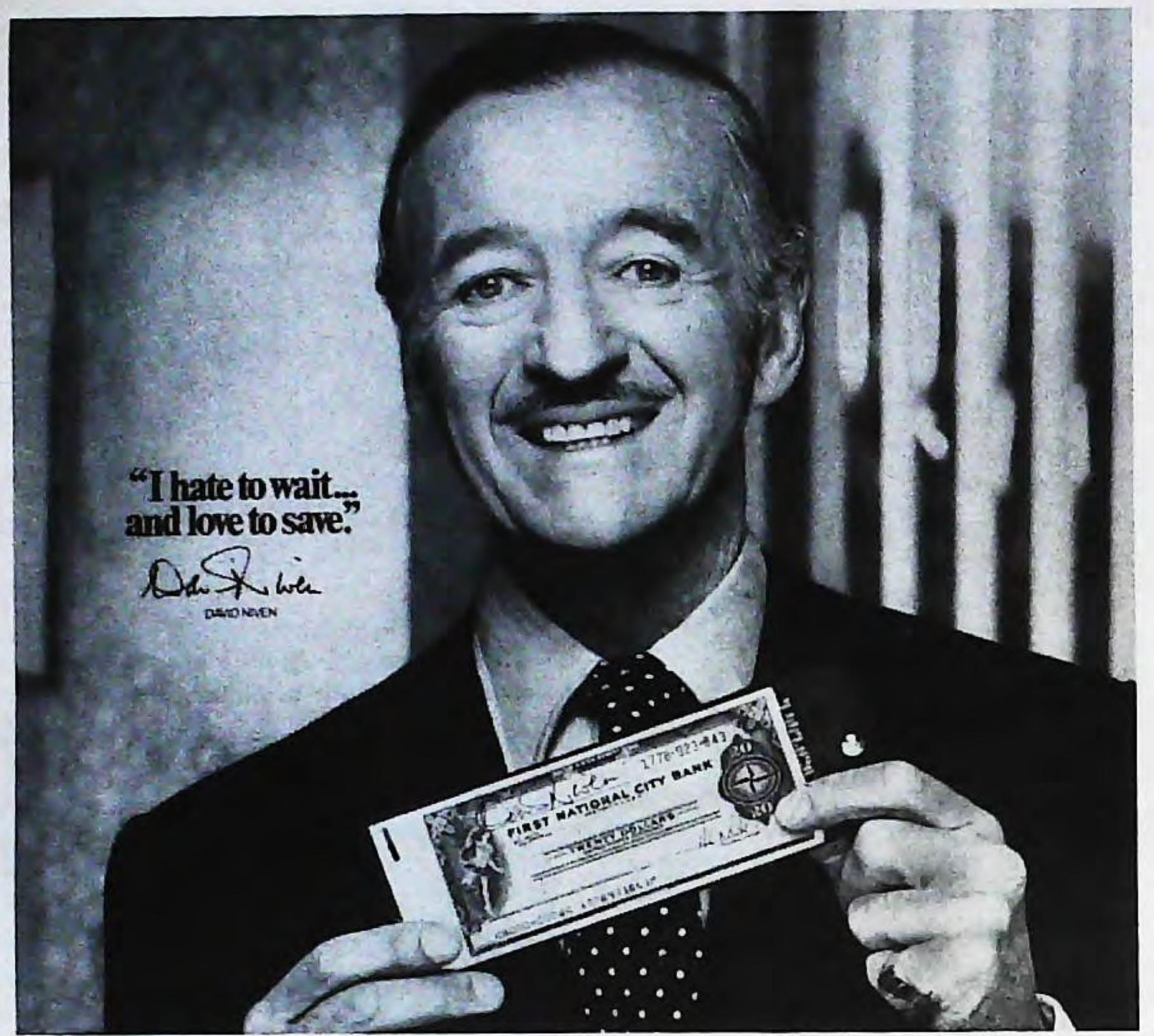
"Excuse me." Steve spills it on pal Teri Garr. He calls *The Absent-Minded Waiter's* Oscar nomination for shorts a "fluke."



"You're dealing with beauty," says Martin of his passion for painting. "Then there's the intellectual and financial aspects."



HARRY BENSON



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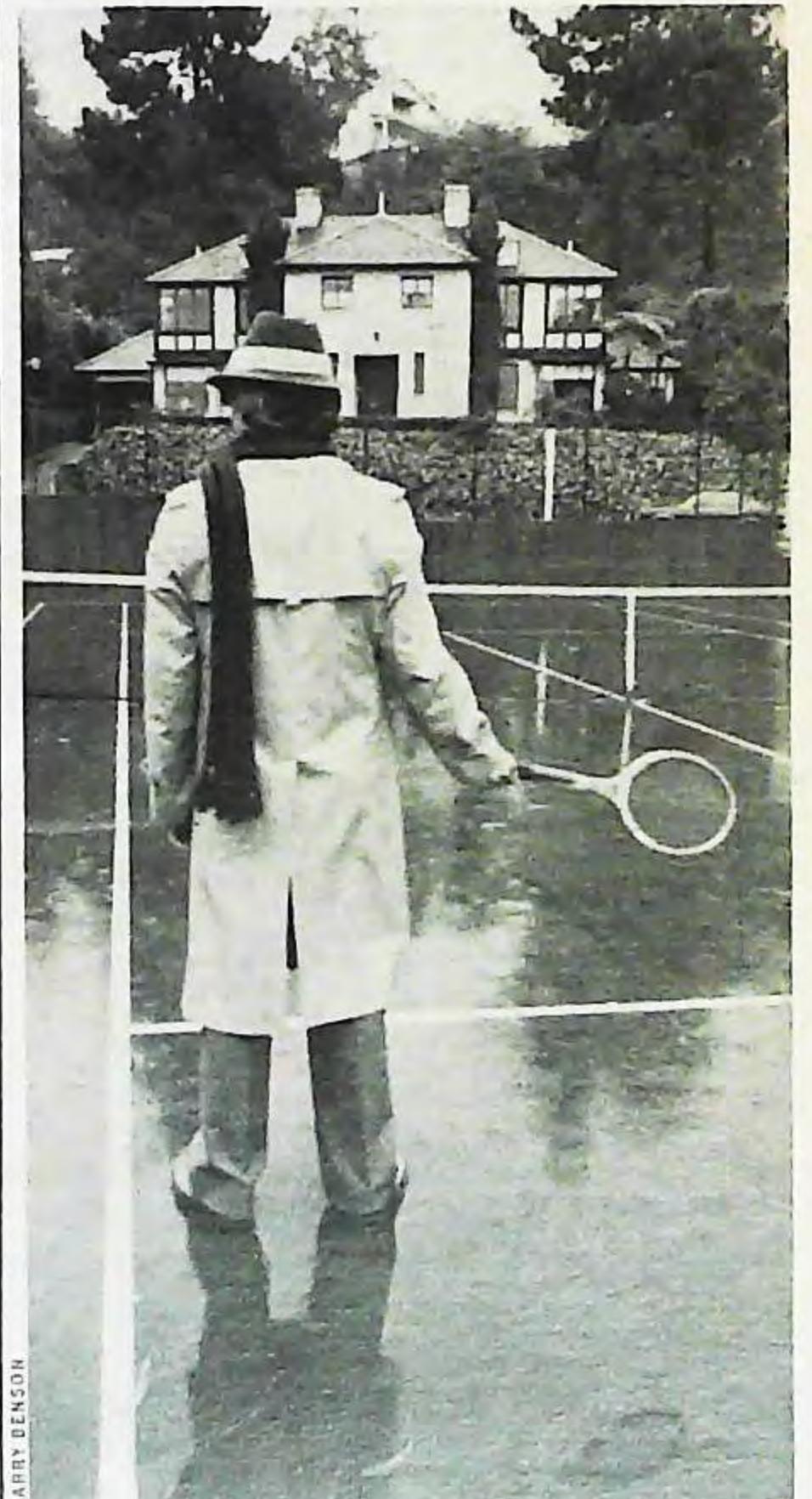
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Stage CONTINUED
money—I buy paintings but don't spend it on a big house or cars." He drives a late-model Ford and is only reluctantly considering giving up his two-room bachelor crash pad in L.A. "to buy a place because I'm there so much. But Aspen is home," he intones, "I don't live my life to inhale brown smog." His Rocky Mountain retreat is an L-shaped solar-heated house with alpine views, Persian rugs and privacy. He reads art books, museum catalogs and *The New Yorker*, plays with the automatic switcher on his TV and during the season schusses down expert slopes for half the day unless he's writing. He never cooks at home, snacking on raisins and nuts. (Once he included vitamins in his diet, but they turned his hair brown, and he worried that people would think he was into dyes.) Martin hits the local vegetarian restaurant (he eats fish but no meat) during off-groupie hours. "You have to have dinner at 5 p.m.," he complains.

But that's his only gripe, because—as his line goes and to the best of his ability—Steve Martin's "havin' some fun now."

FRANK W. MARTIN

"My act is about how you have to be completely crazy to survive," says L.A. outsider Martin, who plays life his way.



HARRY BENSON

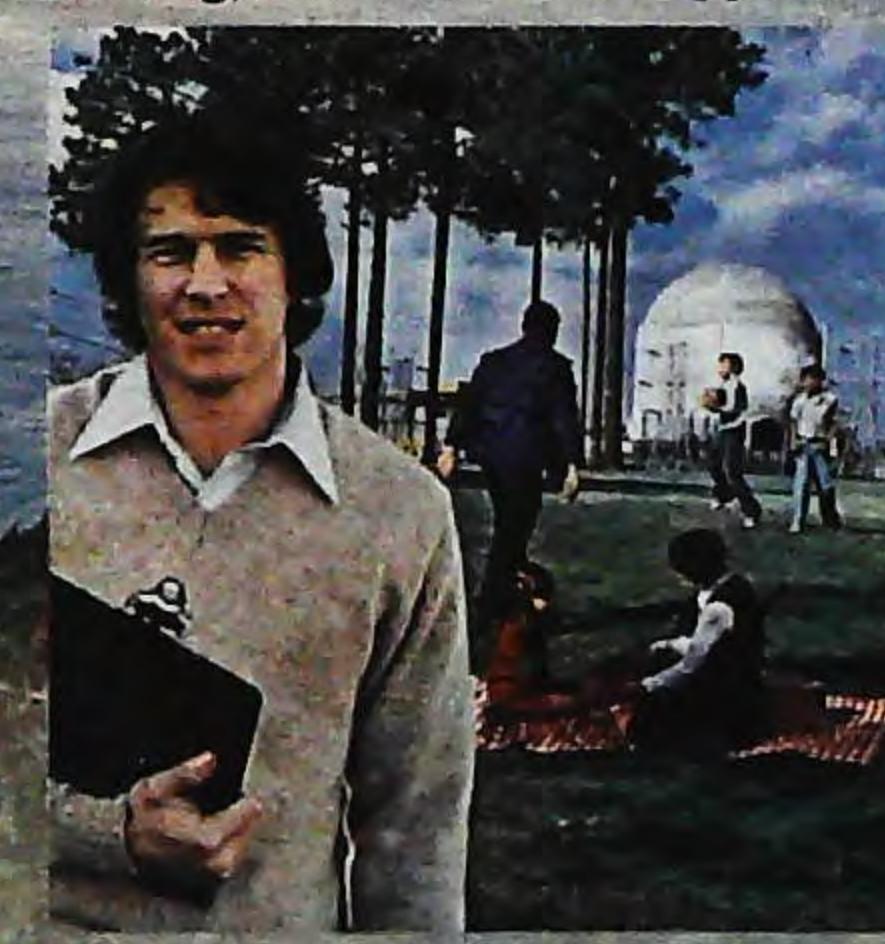
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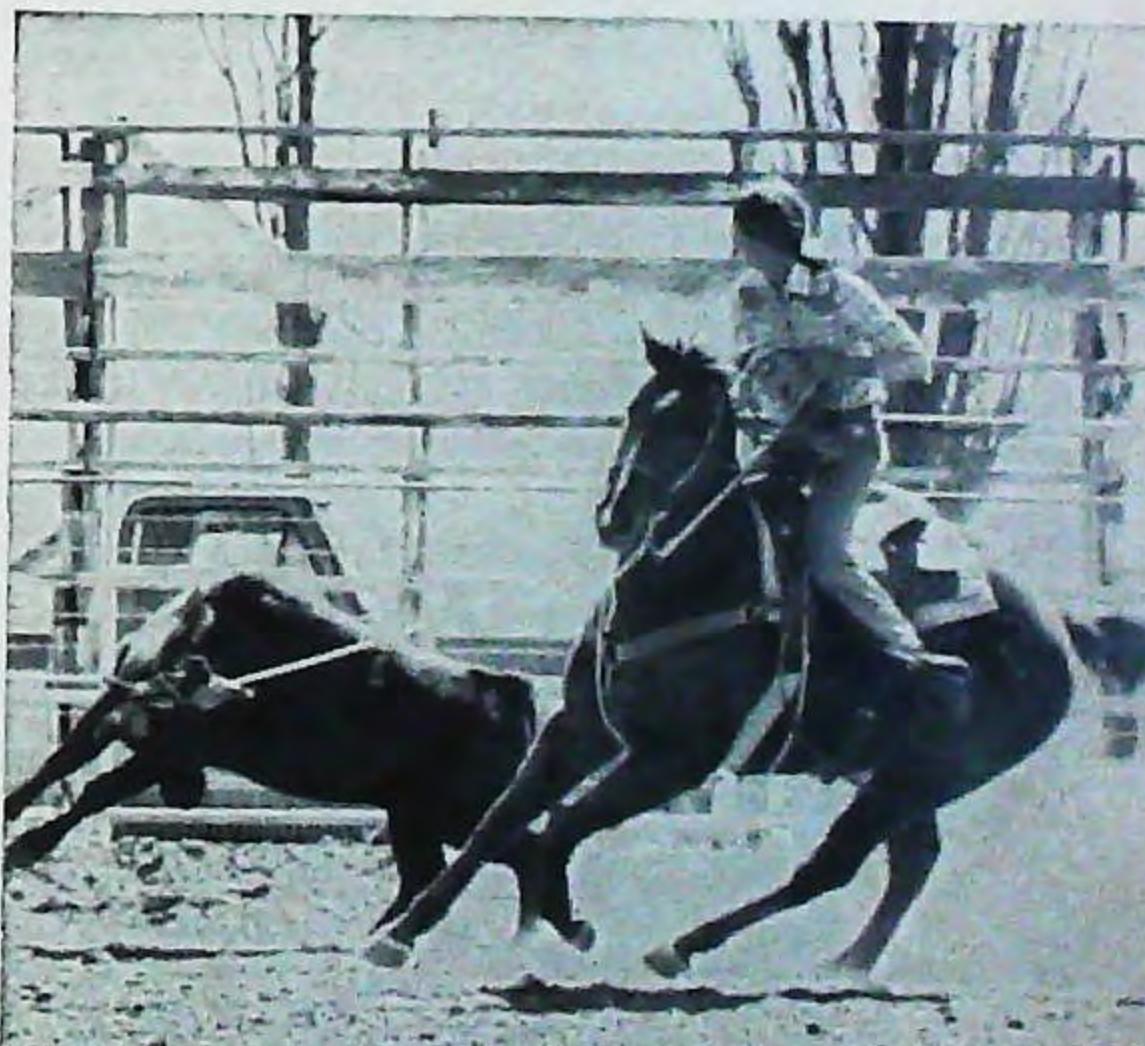


**JENNIFER HAYNES AND SUE PIRTLE
KNOW THE REAL REASON COWGIRLS GET
THE BLUES—YOU CAN'T EARN NO GREEN**

JOCKS



Sue Pirtle, left, and Jennifer Haynes are friendly rivals away from the arena, above—but Pirtle goes all out on some "rough stock," otherwise known as a bull, in competition, below.



Haynes and a male partner (not shown) snare a steer in a mixed-team "jackpot-roping" event in Albuquerque.

I spent \$9,000 in expenses last year," complains U.S. rodeo champion Jennifer Haynes, 23. That doesn't sound like much for a touring athlete, but the hitch is that Jennifer won only \$8,000. So why is she traveling 50,000 miles to defend her title this year, while arch-rival two-time former champ Sue Pirtle, 25, is risking just as much capital—and hide—to take it back? "It's hard to say why we do it," observes Pirtle, speaking for Haynes as well. "Must be crazy, I guess."

Neither is dumb though. Each is a

CONTINUED

Photographs by Shelly Katz/Black Star

Jocks CONTINUED

college graduate, and it is just their hard luck to be in a sport that Virginia Slims, product endorsements (a deodorant or detergent would be a natural) and liberation haven't caught up with yet. Comparably dominant figures on the men's rodeo circuit collected about \$150,000 last year. So Haynes, Pirtle and lesser stars of the Girls' Rodeo Association (GRA) are forced to take sideline jobs and subsidize their sport as inadvertent "amateurs," trucking all those miles with their horse trailers hitched to campers (they rarely splurge on motels).

The annual winner is determined by dollars won, and Haynes collects hers in the "timed events," which test her skill in roping and tying calves or goats against the stopwatch. She's tough to beat at "steer undecorating"—the event that replaces steer wrestling, a men's circuit favorite regarded as too strenuous for most women. In a

recent rodeo in Vian, Okla. she chased down a rampaging steer, leaned far over in the saddle and ripped loose the red ribbon "decoration" taped to the steer's back—all in two seconds flat. That is dangerous, but there are even more perilous events—some of them unexpectedly so. "I rode a steer one time," says Jennifer, "and Mother threatened me with my life if I ever did it again."

That, however, is Pirtle's specialty, riding what's known in the lingo as "rough stock." She tries—and often manages—to ride for six seconds on a bucking 1,200-pound bull that has just received a 900-volt shock. Sticking time for men is eight seconds or better. She also dabbles in bareback bronc riding and the timed events, but draws the line at goat tying because, she explains persuasively, "they stink."

The 5'4", 120-pound Haynes got into rodeoing as a 4-H'er in Albuquerque

CONTINUED

On the circuit Haynes sometimes lives out of the back of her pickup. Her horse, Cricket, travels in the trailer behind.



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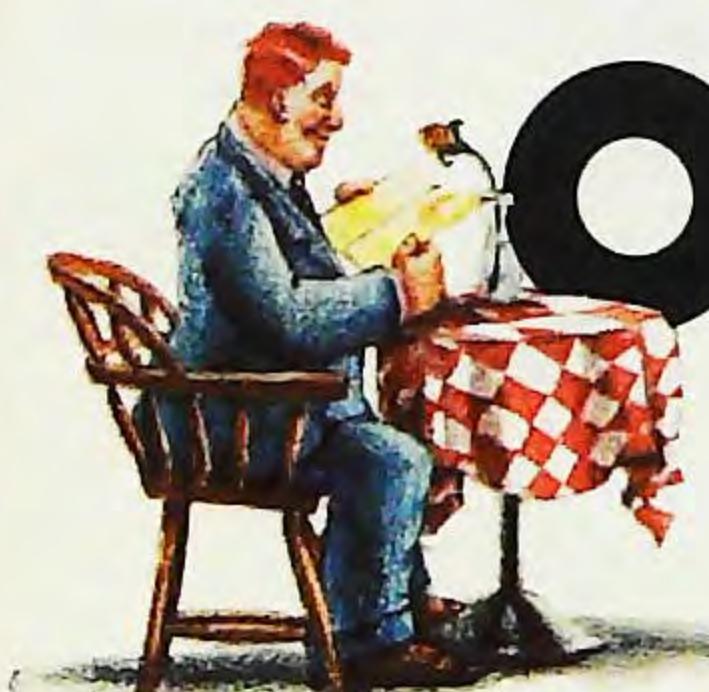
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JocksCONTINUED



and stuck with it while getting an agricultural business degree from New Mexico State. She owns five horses and trains others, but her main job is at a Western supply company, doing everything from bookkeeping to crate hauling. Unmarried, she neither smokes nor drinks and trains rigorously, which may be why her only serious injury came in 1975 when she tore up a knee jumping from her horse to rope a calf.

Pirtle has suffered a lot more damage, both physical and emotional. Over the years competition has fractured her arm, leg, pelvis, tailbone and her marriage to rider Drew Hays. (Only her 2-year-old son seems unscathed by it all, though she rode bulls in her sixth month of pregnancy and broncs in her eighth month.) As for her divorce, Pirtle says, "Drew wanted me to be a housewife, and I wanted to keep on rodeoing. If I do get married again," she

Pirtle sometimes brings 2-year-old son Ty to the rodeo. The rest of the time he stays with her mother in Stonewall, Okla.

confides, "it'll probably be to Drew. But if I decide to quit it'll be my decision." At the moment, she says, "I don't date hardly none."

A Southwestern U. alum who's now looking for a phys ed teaching job, Pirtle affects the cowgirl patois that makes a virtue of avoiding grammar. When she's in the arena she also walks with an exaggerated macho swagger. "When I go to a picture show I walk like I'm going to a picture show," she says. "When I'm going to ride a bull I walk like I'm going to ride a bull." She started riding at 6, when a rodeoing neighbor in Stonewall, Okla. gave her a Shetland pony. She first competed at 11—riding a steer—and was a high school basketball superstar, averaging 28 points a game. "It kept me off the streets and dope," she laughs. The 5'6", 120-pound Pirtle has never practiced seriously ("You just hang on tight and grit your teeth," she

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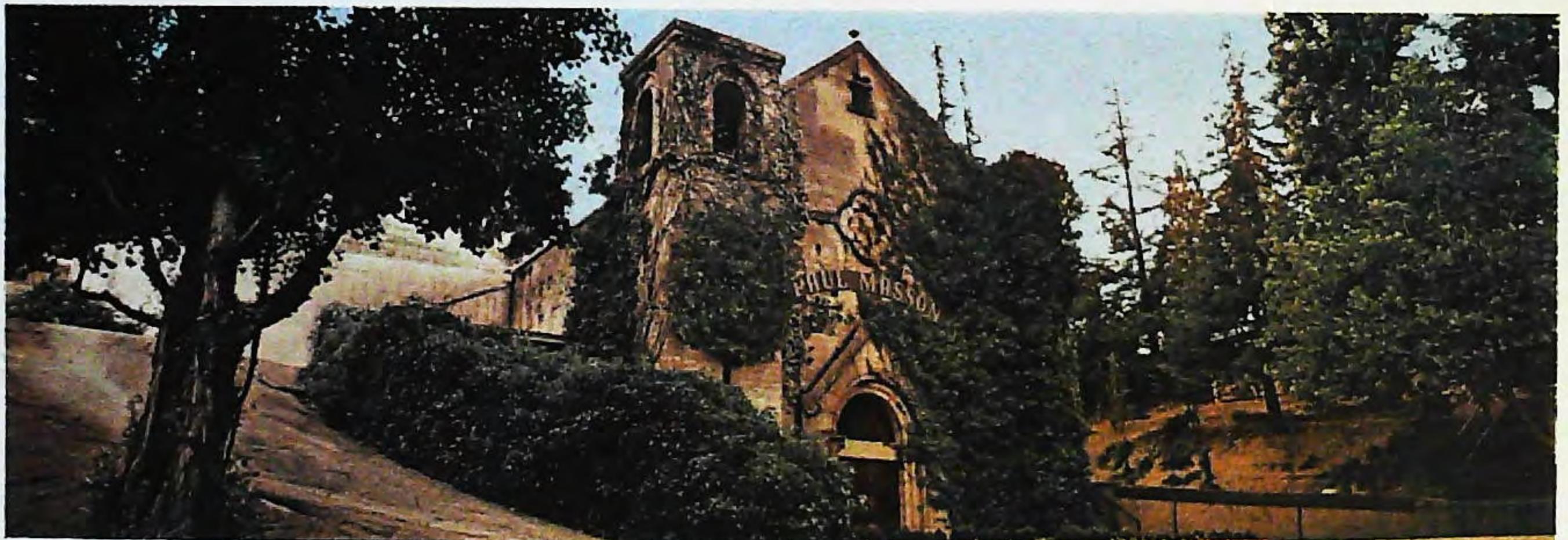
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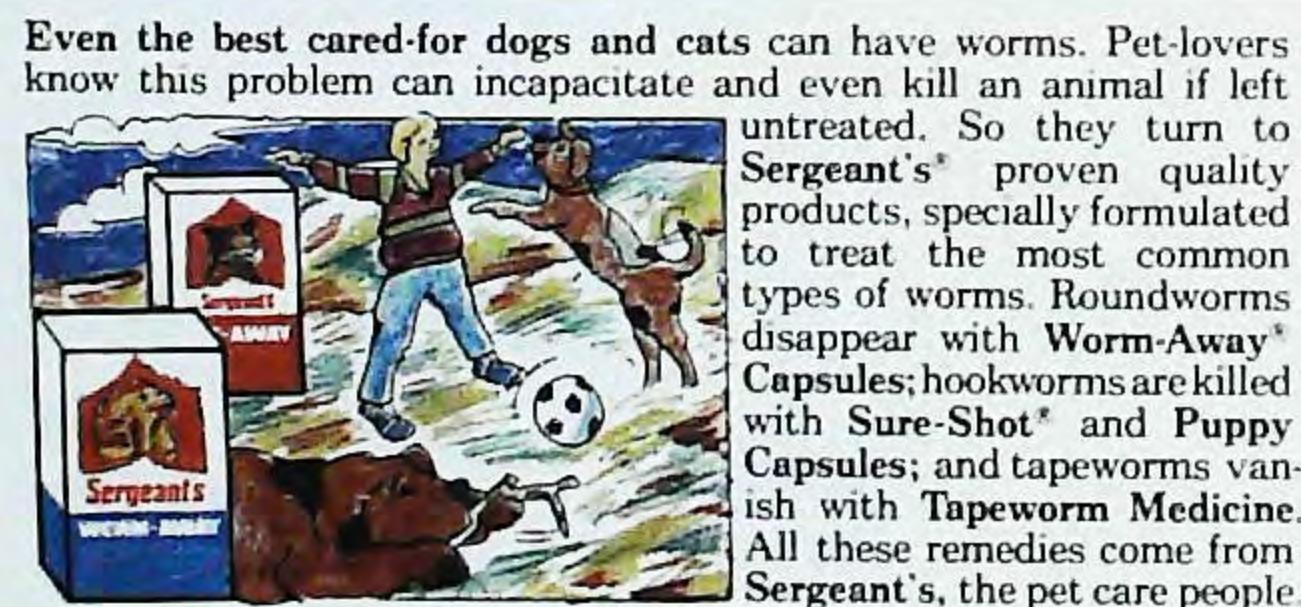
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Jocks CONTINUED

says) but still won the all-around U.S. championship in 1974 and 1976. In 1975 she was pregnant. She packs a .22 pistol but has never had to use it, perhaps, she reckons, because she is seldom carrying enough money to interest a highwayman.

Both she and Haynes are bitter about that fact of GRA life. Pirtle notes that she collected a bigger purse (\$5,000) in two days last fall on CBS-TV's *Challenge* than she often made in an entire year of rodeoing. Still, both she and Haynes plan to hit most of the 30 or so rodeos on the 1978 circuit. They'll be wrangling mainly for the massive carved silver-and-gold belt buckle that symbolizes the title that Haynes won dramatically in the final rodeo of 1977 at Phoenix. "I like the competition," says the defending champ. "But sometimes I wish I'd picked up a tennis racket before I got on a horse. If I'd done that, maybe I'd be rich."

KENT DEMARET



Haynes specializes in events like calf roping rather than bronc busting because "I don't want to be dragging around in a wheelchair someday."

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KEITH CARRADINE & TINA RAINES SHARE A HOUSE—AND A SEVEN-YEAR ITCH TO STAY UNMARRIED

KKeith Carradine, 28, and Cristina Raines, 25, first teamed up in *Grasslands* seven years ago. It was an adventure movie shot in the wintry wilds of South Dakota; after being edited into four versions, it was mercifully shelved before reaching any public screen. The off-camera romance that began in Dakota isolation, however, has unreeled into one of Hollywood's longer running affairs.

Raines (whose stage name was inspired by a drizzle) and Carradine (son of actor John Carradine) occupy a run-down one-story home in Los Angeles' Topanga Canyon. They share household expenses and an aversion to marriage. "If you want to be with somebody, you want to be with somebody," says Raines. "I don't know if marriage would change that. I do know it's really nice the way it is." As for children, Carradine insists that the "stigma" of illegitimacy "is a man-made concept. No one questions it. I'm tempted to have a child outside marriage to show that he is not something less than another child."

Keith is too busy these days to worry much about children, but it wasn't always so. Despite his family connections and an effective performance in Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us*, Carradine languished in near obscurity until 1975, when he appeared in Altman's *Nashville* singing a folksy ballad titled *I'm Easy*. The tune, which was Carradine's own composition, earned him a "best song" Oscar. Tina, as she is always called, appeared in that picture as Keith's tenacious bedmate and backup singer.

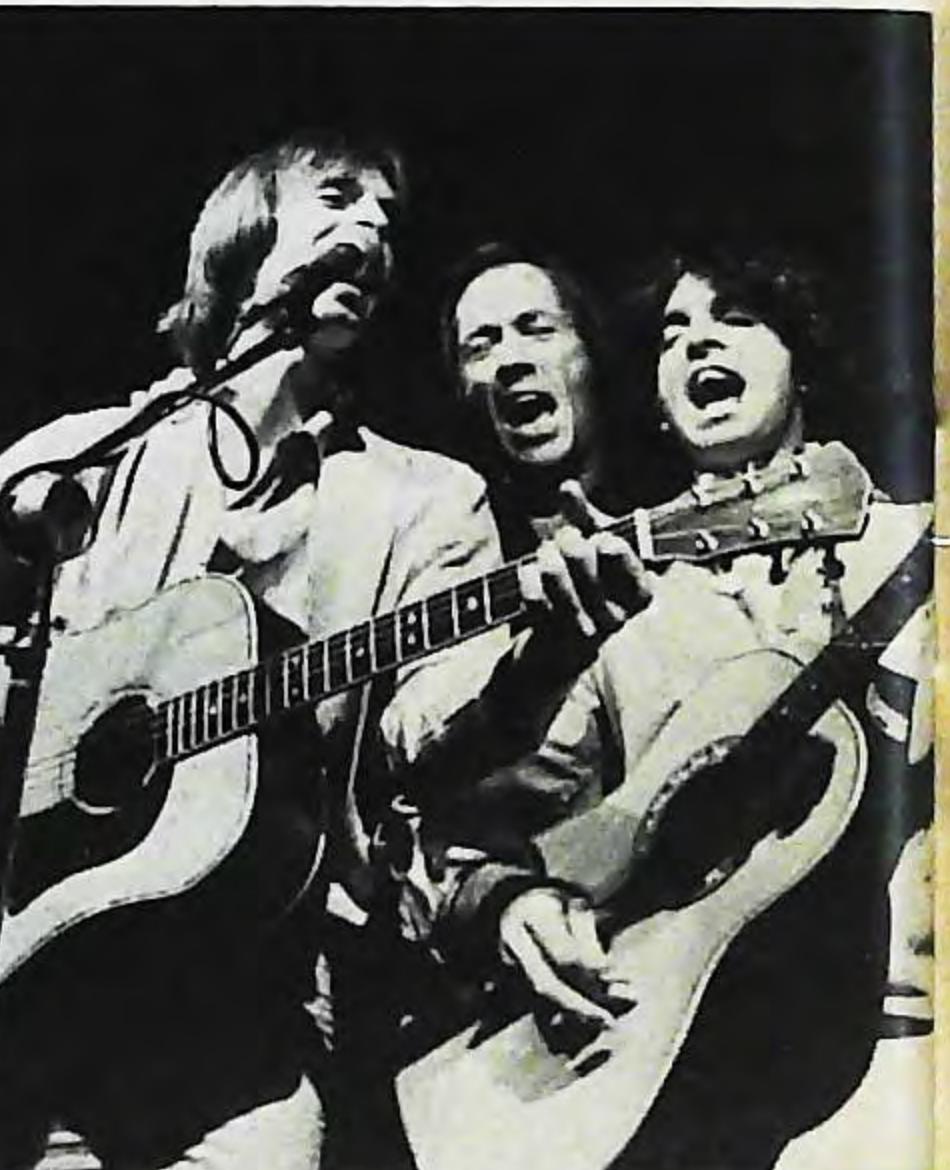
Then last year *The Duellists*, which starred Carradine as a saber-rattling Napoleonic hussar (this time Raines was his wife), copped the "best picture" award at Cannes. Now he is the nominal star—nymphette Brooke Shields notwithstanding—of *Pretty Baby*, director Louis Malle's movie about prostitution in old New Orleans that has aroused a lot of interest, much of it prurient. And, though Carradine's



Though they have shunned marriage off-screen, Carradine and Raines gave it a try on film in *The Duellists*.



"We should be together because we want to be," says Keith, sharing his sheets with Tina as *Nashville*'s cad, Tom Frank.



Carradine brothers Keith, David and Robert string along on Keith's song *It Don't Worry Me* at a club date in Phoenix.

reedy voice is an acquired taste, he has just released his second album, with Raines singing harmony.

Carradine's reluctance about marriage is possibly traceable to his childhood. Born in San Mateo, Calif., he became the object of a custody fight when John Carradine and his second of four wives, actress Sonia Sorel, were divorced. A melancholy young Keith shuffled between Dad and a series of private schools and did not see his mother from the time he was 8 until he turned 15.

After a halfhearted stab at college (Colorado State), Carradine abandoned school in favor of a hippie's life in Venice, Calif. He eventually moved in with half brother David (*Kung Fu*), then a virtual stranger and 13 years his senior. The pair set off for New York, where David was to audition for *Hair* with Keith as his pianist. Because of his age, David was rejected and the part given to little brother. (Three years ago David got his revenge when both brothers went after the Woody Guthrie role in *Bound for Glory*. This time Keith was too young.)

Despite his sometimes soporific acting style, Keith has done a dozen films since first appearing in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* seven years ago. His father, a veteran of nearly 500 movies, "neither encouraged nor discouraged" his aspirations, says Keith. Still, père Carradine's influence is clearly felt. Keith concedes: "The fact that the old

man did it, and still does at 73, cannot be ignored."

Raines once "thought acting was ridiculous." Born in the Philippines, where her father, Peter Herazo, headed production in the Far East for Procter & Gamble, she was almost 5 when her parents divorced and she was sent to Florida to live with her grandmother and her aunt. Her first acting assignment was in a high school production of *I Remember Mama*. Raines recalls: "I've never been so embarrassed in my life."

Later, while at Chandler School in Boston, she began modeling to help pay for tuition, and one day an as-

COUPLES



Neither Raines nor Carradine went to the university on her sweatshirt, nor, despite a seven-year relationship, have they gone to the altar either.

Couples CONTINUED

signment in New York turned into a screen test for *Grasslands*. Carradine, she says, was one of a group of "really strong, centered, creative people who pushed certain buttons that make you deal with yourself, but have fun too. I was suddenly dealing with things I wasn't taught in college."

She followed Keith to Los Angeles and for a year did commercials, print ads and TV walk-ons. In 1973 she won the plum role in *Sunshine*, a widely praised TV drama in which she played a young cancer-stricken mother. Small film roles led finally to a starring part in *The Sentinel*, a horror movie, and this February she won another choice TV role, a lead in a three-part adaptation of Sara Davidson's 1960s memoir *Loose Change*. Unhappily the show was a disaster, technically (part of one segment was broadcast out of sequence) and in the ratings.

Their careers have not hampered the Carradine-Raines relationship, even when he was cutting his recent album and getting home at 4 a.m., just as she was leaving for the set of *Loose Change*. They like working together, even though "it throws other people off when we yell at each other," Raines says. "But we know we can't act differently just because we're on a movie set."

"There is so much mutual respect for each other professionally that they aren't competitive," says Chris Carradine, Keith's 31-year-old designer brother. "Neither is afraid the other is going to get further along." Adds Raines: "We don't take anything for granted. When we are together, we spend the time with the attitude, 'Okay, today is for us; this week is for us.' "

Away from Los Angeles, the pair go backpacking in the remote Sierras or on the Hawaiian out islands. At home Carradine is resuming formal piano les-

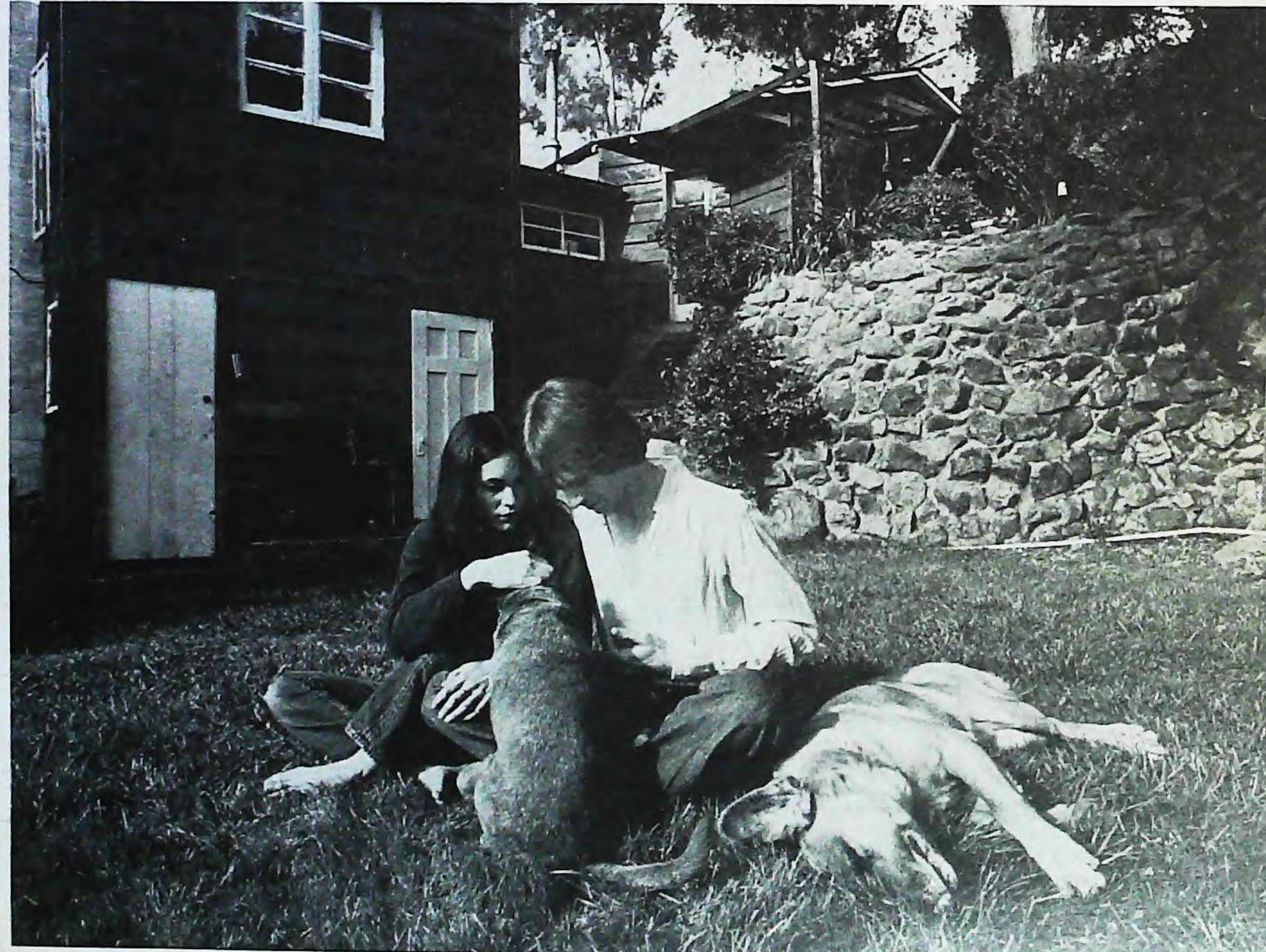
sons (he had a few as a child) on his grandparents' 70-year-old Steinway grand in the Topanga living room. Raines cooks, casually but well—"a pinch of this, a handful of that, but it comes out all right."

Two weeks ago Carradine began his 14th film, *Old Boyfriends*, which was written, and will be directed, by *Nashville* scriptwriter Joan Tewkesbury. Meanwhile Raines will be working at the L.A. Free Arts Clinic, teaching children's classes in music, dance and pottery. "I love kids a lot and do want children of my own," she says. Tina shows no more enthusiasm for wedlock than her housemate does though.

No matter. "Theirs is the best marriage I've ever seen," says brother but not brother-in-law Chris, "with or without the piece of paper."

ROBERT WINDELER

Often separated by their schedules, Keith and Tina enjoy a dog day afternoon at home in Topanga Canyon.



Photographs by Julian Wasser

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PPEUOZPZLLEE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people, current and historical, are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started

you off by circling COOK, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers next week.

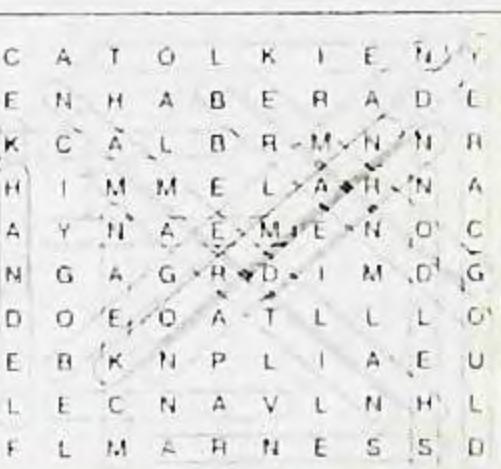
Clues

1. Coma conjurer
2. Wiz kid
3. Bookstore vet
4. Body English expert
5. First family healer
6. Howard Hughes protégée
7. Blue collarman
8. Still he's her Jerry
9. On and on, Stephen...
10. Perennially in the Pink
11. Star Warlord
12. Cuckoo producer
13. Carter consciousness raiser
14. Littlest Angel
15. Warrior of the worlds
16. I'M a master builder
17. Dapper Dan of the House
18. Greater than the Greatest
19. Felt like makin' love
20. Haywire hubby



Answers to April 24 Puzzle

1. Nader 2. Begelman
3. McKean 4. Dern
5. Martin 6. Khan 7. Haldeman
8. Black 9. Sheldon 10. Tolkien
11. Handel 12. Meany 13. Carey
14. Arness 15. Ormandy
16. Vance 17. Korman 18. Brando
19. Gould 20. Gorme



"I switched from clay litter to Litter Green®..."

when litter box odors moved my bridge club outdoors."

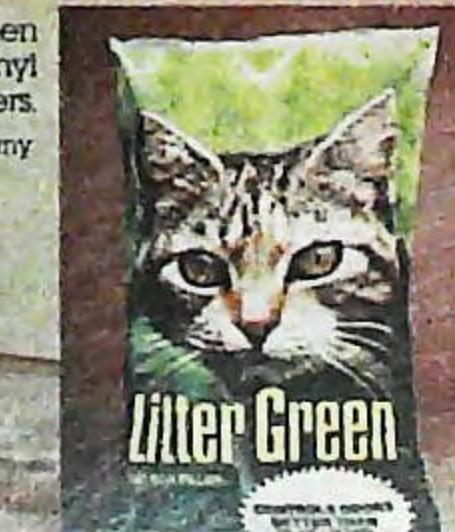
"I didn't think they were serious, but when I went back inside, I could smell a sour odor. I was really embarrassed.

The clay litter I was using said it controlled odors. But it wasn't working. Then, my friend Sally told me about Litter Green. She said its ingredients stopped odors before they even started. So I bought it.

And you know what? Litter Green really does work. Now I never worry. My home's always fresh. Anybody with a cat owes it to themselves to try Litter Green."

Litter Green stops odors better, keeps your home fresher.

Litter Green
cat box filler has chlorophyll
and natural ait/la deodorizers
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These prescription products are effective. But the 1000 milligrams of pain reliever Datriil 500 puts into two tablets were even more effective. Use only as directed.

*Hopkinson, J.H. et al. "Effective Pain Relief: Comparative Results With Acetaminophen In A New Dose Formulation, Propoxyphene Napsylate-Acetaminophen Combination, And Placebo." *Curr Therap Res*. 19:622-630, 1976. Smith, M.T. et al. "Acetaminophen Extra Strength Capsules Versus Propoxyphene Compound-65 Versus Placebo: A Double-blind Study Of Effectiveness And Safety." *Curr Therap Res*. 17:452-459, 1975. The kind and amount of analgesic (acetaminophen) employed in the tests are the same as that contained in two tablets of Datriil 500.

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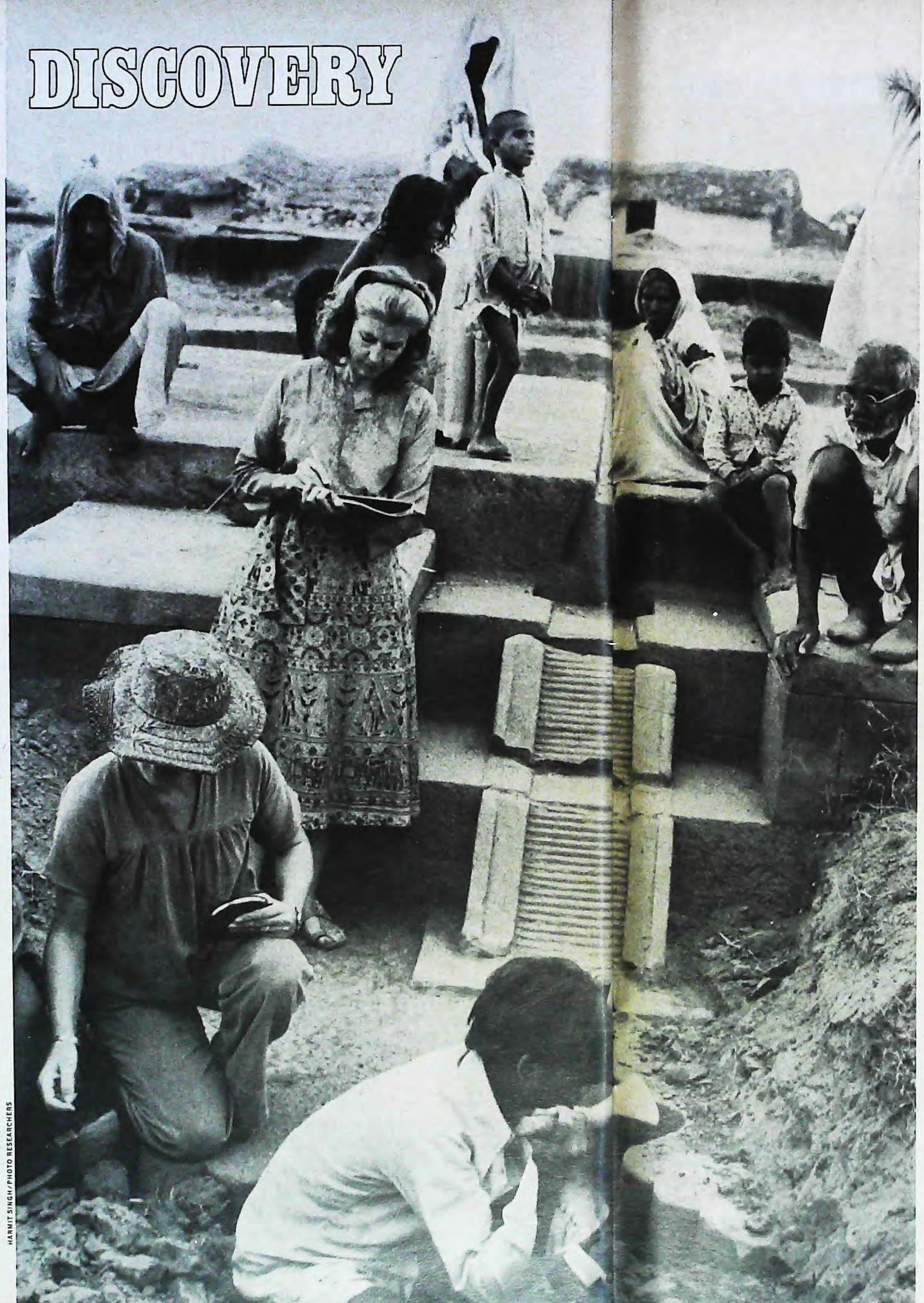
DISCOVERY



Back in D.C. working on the book, Liz envies India's claim to the site but is resigned: "Now it's clearly up to them."



"Her methodology was impeccable," says the government professor-turned-senator, outside their Capitol Hill home.



NO WIFE TO BENIGNLY NEGLECT, SENATOR PAT MOYNIHAN'S LIZ MAKES ARCHEOLOGICAL HISTORY

Never the faceless helpmeet type, Elizabeth Moynihan packed for India five years ago determined not to let husband Pat's new ambassadorship set back her own fulfillment. "I don't believe in the State Department's getting two for the price of one" was her motto, and for the two years they lived there, her personal challenge was the study of the architecture of the Mogul dynasty, in which she became an acknowledged expert. That in itself would have been extraordinary, but last month, in the course of research for her forthcoming book on Persian and Mogul gardens, Liz made a discovery that promises her a permanent place in the annals of archeology: the long-lost pleasure garden of Emperor Zahir-ud-din Muhammad Babur (1483-1530), India's first Mogul emperor. The Indian government has already moved to protect the site, which may run to 30 acres of arbors, mosques and fountains carved out of stone, and Mrs. Moynihan is justifiably exultant: "It's as if England found a new castle built by William the Conqueror."

Babur had stirred her imagination during the years in India. "He is a very real person to me," she says. "He was not a run-of-the-mill Oriental despot. He was a just ruler. He didn't come from Central Asia only to pillage and destroy India. He stayed and built gardens and wrote poetry. Besides, Babur was a key link for me because he was the person who brought the tradition of Persian gardens to India." Yet, except for a vivid description of an Eden-like dark-red sandstone Lotus Garden in his autobiographical *Babur Nama*, evidence of it had vanished. "I thought something of that 1528 garden must have survived," she says now. "It was cut out of living rock, and things in stone don't disappear that much. It was a hunch worth following." Even after husband Pat had been repatriated and became the junior senator from New York, she returned to retrac the route Babur and his armies took from Kabul to India. Guided by clues in the *Babur Nama*, she ended her journey near

Embarassed when they saw Mrs. Moynihan on all fours scraping away centuries of soil, dozens of villagers turned out to help.

the northern Indian town of Dholpur.

She and her photographer had vainly sought signs of Babur's Lotus Garden there for two days when she thought to consult Dholpur's version of a *griot*—"the old man with the collective memory of the area." When they arrived next morning at the home of 80-year-old Hari Singh Rajoria, Liz was struck that "no one had told him we were coming, but he acted as if he was expecting us. He looked at my sketches, and I read from the *Babur Nama*. Then for 10 minutes he just looked straight ahead, saying nothing. Finally he said, 'There is one very strange thing—a square well.' That was a feature of the garden mentioned in the autobiography.

"His son took us two miles west of Dholpur," she remembers, "and there was the well, and a rise, and then—my God!—the central octagonal pool. I was jumping out of my skin." Two days of work at the site with a borrowed shovel unearthed sufficient features to confirm the find. It seems so simple, but as her proud ex-Harvard professor husband puts it, "It's always simple once you describe how you did it. Very few people actually add to knowledge. It's a very rare event, and it's happened to her."

As a political wife and mother of three, Elizabeth had won notoriety before—once, for example, responding to a State Department request for a little more decorum in the U.N. ambassador's residence by whimsically installing a life-size papier-mâché butler at the front door. Yet she has rendered heroic service to a husband whose career has taken the family to 18 residences so far. But only now, at 47, has Elizabeth Moynihan, a onetime Boston U. student (she didn't graduate), come completely into her own. This week, following in her husband's footsteps, she will give a Harvard lecture—on the Lotus Garden. And at the family's base camp, a 300-acre farm in upstate Pindars Corners, N.Y., the senator is upstaged in his fixation with 1983. Sure, it's the start of a second term if he's reelected, but that seems trivial to Elizabeth, compared to the 500th anniversary of Babur's birth.

JUDITH WEINRAUB

CHATTER

How Deep is Your Wallet? Jane (*Coming Home*) Fonda bid a feverish \$1,900 for the cause, but *Chicago Tribune* movie critic Gene Siskel won the auctioneer's nod with a \$2,000 tender. The prize? John Travolta's white three-piece *Saturday Night Fever* suit, sold to benefit a California solar energy lobby. Of course, Siskel, who's seen *Fever* 11 times, couldn't squeeze into Travolta's size 38-long threads (bought off the rack in Brooklyn) even if the black shirt hadn't been sewn into the pants. Besides, "I'm not a good enough dancer to put it on," he admits. So he's considering putting the outfit in glass at home as "a shrine to disco."

Right to the Jaw It's been said of loquacious Texan Robert Strauss, 59, Jimmy Carter's newly named special counselor on inflation, that "he can talk the skin off a snake and keep him laughing all the while." That doesn't necessarily hold for presidential assistants. When Strauss rang up to effusively thank Jody Powell for his help in landing his new post, Powell listened patiently, then interrupted, "Bob, I appreciate all the thanks, but I have to admit I didn't have anything at all to do with your getting the job. The way it happened was this: The President was reading his Bible the other day, and he came upon a passage in Judges about the jawbone of an ass—and just decided on you right then and there."

Hollywood Low Life Randy Newman notwithstanding, numerous Hollywood biggies are now collecting short people—precisely, miniature dolls, furnishings and scaled-from-life houses to match. Less costs more however: Prices run from \$150 for do-it-yourself digs to \$10,000 for a customized manse complete with wallpaper, light fixtures, carpeting, parquet floors, shingles and, presumably, a tiny little mortgage. Among those with small expectations: Ed Asner, Jonathan Winters, Michael Landon, John Davidson and Elizabeth Montgomery. Cloris Leachman and daughter Dinah, 11, are furnishing a three-story 37-inch-high Victorian mansion. Melissa (*Little House on the Prairie*) Gilbert, 13, has a little house in her playroom with tiny clones of her own family.

A Star Is Strung Just ask Rita (*The Way You Do the Things You Do*) Coolidge why



RITA COOLIDGE:
Is Kris on a string?



JOHN TRAVOLTA:
Selling his strong suit



MELISSA GILBERT:
Send in the clones



JOHN DENVER:
A hot-shot onstage?

she does the things she does to keep would-be Bobby McGees away from her handsome husband, Kris Kristofferson. "When I first lived with Kris, I was very jealous," she explains. "But I discovered that this was destructive. I know women fancy Kris. I understand that. We all have fantasies about movie stars. Even me. But I figure there is an invisible string between people. If you pull it tight, then someone is going to want to break it. If you let it out so that no one feels it pulling, he'll come back of his own accord." Of course, Rita, 32, isn't taking any chances with her old man, 41. "You can never let anything go to pot," she adds. "Not your children, your looks or your own career. You can never totally relax," she concludes. "Never."

Sky King Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane . . . well, it is a plane, the late Elvis Presley's \$3 million customized Convair 880, the *Lisa Marie* (named after his daughter). Purchased jointly by the First Church of God of Benton, Ill., and a Texas company marketing an engine oil additive called Add-a-Tune, the plane is being outfitted for a barnstorming tour to all 50 states in the next 100 days. For a \$300 church "contribution," visitors can "see where he slept . . . where he visited with friends . . . where he dined"—and receive 12 Add-a-Tune kits as a promo gimmick. The organizer, the Rev. J. Lloyd Tomer, is so enthusiastic about using ticket sales to pay off a \$1 million debt in his church's building fund that he's buying Presley's other plane, a \$1 million Jetstar. "As a fund-raising device," he crows, "this sure beats chili suppers."

Furthermore

- Though comedian Totie Fields gamely jokes onstage about her perilous medical history—in recent years she's had a leg amputation, a mastectomy and an eye operation—her lawyers aren't kidding. Totie has filed a lawsuit against St. Joseph's Hospital in Stamford, Conn. (which she'd originally entered in 1976 for "cosmetic surgery" before developing phlebitis) charging malpractice. Requested damages: \$2 million.
- Sunshine on his shoulder isn't all that gives John Denver Rocky Mountain highs. During his current 48-city tour, John confides, he's lacing his onstage cup o' tea with cognac.



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